A color photograph of a woman with short dark hair, wearing a light-colored hat, a pink short-sleeved button-down shirt, and blue jeans. She is leaning against a large, dark rock next to a waterfall, smiling at the camera. Her hands are in her pockets, and she is wearing white strappy sandals.

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Lillian Budd

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# The Australian WOMEN'S WEEKLY

SEPTEMBER 2, 1953

Vol. 21, No. 14

## HERE IT IS, SPRING AGAIN

**Y**OUR umbrella might turn inside out in the icy blast as you round a city corner, you might still toast your chilblains in front of the log fire, but it's spring.

It's official. The calendar says so.

Poets have always been the ones to express spring's delirium. Even modern poets, if not tricked by its joys into rhyme, have at least been tempted to assonance.

Spring certainly has rhyme; but reason?

Take Dad. You'd think he'd be apologetic about the budget, that inevitable accompaniment of spring. You'd think the aftermath of his income tax return would still be disagreeably with him.

But no. Every night Dad's been settled with a list of summer holiday resorts.

You'd think Mum would get enough housework, but she's been making positively ecstatic plans about the curtains.

Take Jenny. She, like the gentleman in the song, is hearing singing and there's no one there. And oddly enough, she's not in love—unless it's with her new spring hat and her view a la Dior of her own legs.

Quite unreasonably, everyone is hoping. For it seems that while in winter some malevolent gnome, as usual, threw a handful of sand into the machinery of the universe, the spring sprite is now at hand with a can of oil.

Everyone shares an urge to give her elbow a joggle and turn the hope into out-and-out enchantment.

Good heavens, why resist it?

## Our cover:

● Setting for the springtime outdoor girl on our cover is Waterfall Gully, a popular pleasure resort in the Adelaide Hills. The model is a 16-year-old schoolgirl, and the picture was taken by 21-year-old Rodney S. Kinnear.

## This week:

● Many of the letters we are receiving in response to our request for readers' opinions about the paper contain excellent suggestions. Some will take time to implement, but others are immediately useful. For instance, one of our readers who enjoys Kay Melaun's Youth Feature suggested that some hints for young people on good and bad speech wouldn't go amiss. Kay agreed, made it her topic for this week, and you'll find the result on page 15.

## Next week:

● How to read your hand is the subject of a series of illustrated articles which begin in next week's paper. Judging by the interest that greeted them in this office they will be as popular a feature as we have had in a long time. All who saw them began to study their own hands and those of their friends. Heartlines and headlines studded the prevailing conversation. We are sure that the articles will have the same effect on the majority of our readers. Whether you "believe" in palmistry or not really doesn't matter. You'll find them entertaining either way.

● There are people who think that Australian publicity overseas tends to make too much of the koda. But it's natural enough. A koala is one of the most attractive creatures on the face of the earth, and no ad. man could have thought up anything so likely to appeal to prospective visitors. Nowadays, Australians are thoroughly aware of the need to preserve the bears from extinction, and among the steps being taken is a new reserve at Kuring-gai, 20 miles from Sydney. In next week's paper you'll find the story of this reserve, illustrated with some charming color pictures.

## Painting of nude creates a scandal in village

Book review by  
AINSLIE BAKER

**G**EORGE MILLAR is always the best of company, and a new novel from him is an event eagerly awaited by a large portion of the discriminating reading public.

The appearance of "Siesta," however, seems to confirm all too definitely a suspicion for some time present in the minds of Millar's admirers that there is not going to be another "Maquis" or "Horned Pigeon" from the author of those two fine wartime novels.

But Mr. Millar, with his wry, civilised humor, observation, and polished prose, even at his second best has a great deal more to offer than many another novelist at the top of his form.

"Siesta" supposes the situation of a retired admiral, in London for the day, uncharacteristically entering a picture gallery, and finding on exhibition a very "nude" nude, whose face is incontestably that of a matron of his own village of Medbury.

The artist is none other than a Medbury bachelor, disapproved of in the neighborhood for his unconventional occupation, but tolerated for the sake of his socially acceptable mother.

Interested here in character rather than in events, the author is given leave to submit to leisurely examination, within a fairly loose framework, the men and women whose lives will be affected by the admiral's discovery.

Lacking any central plot, Millar is not troubled by lack of ideas; in fact, he has too many of them.

There is a satisfyingly developed mother-and-son theme, an almost full-length character study of an artist, and an interesting psychological analysis of the woman in the picture.

The author also takes a fine lash at the wolf-pack of the conventional in full cry after the social breakdown, and presents a very adult lover-mistress-husband triangle.

One feels that the author has developed a benevolent affection for the admiral, that man of many committees. John Bull sentiments, and huge appetite for gossip.

The admiral's thistledown touch as self-appointed busybody leads him at once to disclose his awful discovery to Medbury's squire, who is the lady's secret lover.

The story is told by this man, looking back after many years.

When the admiral finds that the picture has already been sold, he decides, in the cause of decency, to steal it, and accordingly plans an elaborate naval manoeuvre.

Frustrated in this venture, his crusade of saving the lady's name is carried on so vigorously that a Medbury citizens' committee is formed to inquire into the openly raging scandal.

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AT ALL CHEMISTS BOTTLE

## THE TIBETAN TRUMPET

By

Edith Maechter.

Two officers in a British force in India in 1904, twin brothers from an English home, removed a ceremonial trumpet from a Buddhist monastery to England. The results of this escapade, which involved a great variety of characters from the barracks and villages of India to the family in England, make a story that never flags in quality.

13/6

From all Booksellers





"If this man really loves you, he'll give you up," Bill told Mary determinedly.

# My Mother Told Me

A romantic short story  
By **OLGA MOORE**

ILLUSTRATED BY BECK

LIKE marionettes the queue at the bus stop suddenly jerked into animation as the bus came into sight, its familiar red shape dwarfing the traffic round it. Bill gazed at it with tired amusement. "Why do we let a bus rule our lives? We run after it in the morning, and we wait for it in the evening. And a hundred years from now it won't matter at all!"

There were the same familiar faces in the queue—he felt a certain affection for them all after these months of waiting together on the same corner. There were several suburban husbands, the girl who combed her hair and put on her lipstick, the bowler-hatted civil servant, the red-haired crossword fiend, and the old man who argued with the conductor about politics.

There was a sudden commotion behind Bill. A girl was running to catch the bus, her soft dark hair flying, her face flushed. She was carrying an armful of bronze chrysanthemums, and her eyes were crinkled with laughter.

There was something so young about her, so vivid and so fresh, even though it was the end of the day, that he felt an unreasoning irritation. Her high spirits, her chrysanthemums, were like flags of defiance waved in sullen faces.

She fell into line behind him, and, catching his glance, she grinned.

"Nearly missed it!" she said happily. "Some people hunt lions, some people chase buses!" he said.

She laughed. "Give me lions any day! All that lovely steaming jungle instead of this pavement. My mother told me city pavements would be hard!"

"Ah!" he said. "A stranger in these parts?"

"Straight from the country!" she said. "I love the city, but oh, my goodness, don't people rush?" She hugged her chrysanthemums and let an indiscreet dimple flicker in the corner of what was a very pretty mouth. She caught his look again and became noticeably prim.

"Your mother also told you not to talk to strange men!" he said. "How wise of her. The wolves in these parts—"

"Oh, wolves!" She smiled delicately. "They're everywhere! You should see the boys at home!"

He thought back to his own country upbringing and grinned. But now the queue was moving forward. He found himself in the front wedged beside a stout woman. The little country girl was compressed between two fat city gentlemen at the back. He did not see her again on

that journey. He did not even notice where she got off.

But he thought about her several times that evening. He even told his sister about her as they lounged over a late supper, Liz periodically took an interest in his affairs.

"I haven't checked up on your love life lately," she said. "What are you hiding from now?"

"As much as possible," he admitted. "Isn't it about time you pepped things up a bit in that dreary existence of yours?"

"How dreary? By the way, how's poor old Colin?"

"I'm going to cut his throat! A stuffy, overbearing man!"

"Just what you need!" he said.

"Let's have a party!" She stretched comfortably in her armchair. "I'll invite Colin and you can make up a four with one of your girl friends. Which one?"

"Oh, Midge, I suppose. It's about time I saw her again—but I saw a wizard little thing on the bus today. She made me feel quite old!"

"Ah, that must have been irresistible!"

He laughed and leaned back in his chair. "Liz, do you remember when we were kids at home what fun everything used to be?"

She smiled. "For heaven's sake, why the flood of reminiscences?"

"Oh, it was that child on the bus. She was so fresh, so thrilled about everything, so—silly. She'll learn!"

Liz eyed him thoughtfully. "What was she like?"

"Snub nose. Well dressed, but looking as if she'd be more at home in cotton socks. Wide grin. Blowing hair. She admitted she was a country girl."

"Oh, ho! You didn't waste much time. What's her name? Where's her home?"

"I didn't have time to find out. But I hope she won't be disillusioned by the big city."

"I don't suppose she will."

Liz picked up her shoes and began turning out the lights in the shabby, pleasant rooms that were all she had left of her brief marriage. After her husband had been killed in a road accident the emptiness of her home had shaken her.

She had thankfully taken in her favorite brother Bill, and when the girl he loved jilted him they had at first clung to each other in the loneliness. Then their easy companionship had become a habit.

She felt guilty sometimes. She knew she was making life too easy for him.

To page 37





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PC311



# MURDER

## among those present

Fourth instalment  
of our six-part  
mystery serial  
By **HELEN MACE**

ILLUSTRATED BY MILLS

SOON after the drowning of pretty, wanton JOY THOMAS in the little Tasmanian town of Sutton, an attempt is made to poison young schoolteacher NOEL VICARY, who had declared that she was certain Joy's death was murder, not suicide.

As Noel's attack had seemed to be food poisoning, DR. TONY GRAY, her fiancé, tells her not to tell anyone the truth of it. Noel had also promised her friend and colleague ANN GRAHAM that she would tell no one that she knew Joy was blackmailing VIN PALMER, with whom Ann is in love.

However, as both Tony and SERGEANT BLACK-

WOOD guess that she is withholding information, she asks Ann to release her from the promise.

Others in the town include MR. MARSH, the schoolmaster; SYLVIA KENNEDY, another teacher at the school, and the REVEREND MEREDITH.

Tony also confides to Noel that arsenic was stolen from MR. DEVLIN, the chemist. He fears that MISS BATES, the village gossip, overheard him and the sergeant arguing with Mr. Devlin, and this is confirmed when AILSA WALTERS, with whom Noel boards, greets her with a tale Miss Bates has told about the three men quarrelling. NOW READ ON:

AILSA rushed on excitedly: "I wonder was it about Joy's death? Of course, Mr. Devlin's terribly old, and I don't think he's ever been one to bother about girls much. Still, his wife's been dead some years now, and I suppose a man gets lonely, living all alone like he does. What do you think?"

"I should think he's the last person in Sutton to have anything to do with Joy," I said brusquely. "He's a thoroughly decent old boy. Miss Bates is probably making a mountain out of a molehill. You know how she exaggerates, and she's quite the worst gossip in Sutton. I wouldn't take any notice of her, if I were you."

Ailsa was rather deflated. "Well, anyway," she said, "ask Tony about it next time you see him. I'd love to know what it was all about. There must have been something."

"I'll ask him," I promised to satisfy her, "but I doubt if he'll tell me anything."

"You want to make him. He shouldn't have any secrets from you. John tells me everything," she asserted sweepingly — and quite untruthfully.

I smiled and dropped the subject, but I was inwardly savage. Miss Bates had certainly wasted no time. I wondered what other crimes poor old Mr. Devlin would be credited with before Sutton had finished with him. I only hoped the gossip would not put our murderer on his guard.

I had just settled to work in the even-

ing when the doorbell rang and Ailsa showed Ann into the room. "Vin and I are going for a run and thought you might like to come," Ann explained for Ailsa's benefit.

"That would be nice," I agreed politely, and we went out together, bidding a baffled Ailsa goodnight sweetly as we went.

"I've told Vin and he's going to the station now," Ann explained as we went down the path. "I wondered if you'd come, too, and wait in the car with me. I didn't fancy waiting alone. You don't mind, do you?"

"Of course not," I answered comfortably.

Vin greeted me soberly. He seemed to have matured in the past few months, and I thought it an improvement. I felt rather uncomfortable in his company, for it is a little unnerving to exchange polite chit-chat with someone you suspect of having tried to kill you. Looking at him, my suspicions seemed incredible, and I fervently hoped, for Ann's sake, that they would prove groundless.

"I have to thank you, Noel," he said awkwardly. "It was jolly decent of you to keep quiet on my behalf, but, as far as I can see, there is nothing to do now but make a clean breast of it. No one likes confessing to having been an unmitigated fool, but that is better than being suspected of murder."

"The sergeant may still suspect you," I warned him.

"I realise that. I'm handing him a lovely motive for Joy's death, but I

might be able to convince him that I had nothing to do with the attack on you."

"That should be easy enough, if you were not in Mr. Devlin's dispensary at the critical time."

"That's the devil of it," he said ruefully. "It depends just what that time was. I was in there a few days before Joy's death. I can't remember the exact date, but it could quite easily have been during the period in which the poison was taken."

Ann and I stared at him.

"What were you doing there?" asked Ann.

"I often drop in to see him. He and I are both keen on photography, you know, and I get all my supplies through him. He has a very good darkroom fitted up in his house, and we often compare results and chat about the latest developments in photography. He's got some wonderful stuff there."

"I didn't know you were at all friendly with him," said Ann weakly.

"Oh, I rather like the old boy. As a matter of fact, old Mrs. Devlin took a fancy to me when I was a kid, and the old chap has always been decent to me as a result. Since she died, he seems to like me to drop in occasionally. I go to his home in the evenings sometimes, too, and we mess about with films together."

This was an interesting sidelight on Vin's character, but it didn't help much. As if he realised the fact, he shook his shoulders and said: "Well, we'd better

Once out of school, the children hurried away, as though glad to escape from the week's tensions.





get along to the station. I can only hope my name doesn't figure on Devlin's little list, that's all."

Ann and I spoke little after he had disappeared into the station. We were both occupied with our own thoughts. I did not imagine that Ann's were too happy, and, for my own part, I was busy trying to reconcile my earlier suspicions of Vin with the character he had revealed that night. He had seemed frank and open enough, but I could not determine whether it was candor or guile.

He seemed to have been in the station for a long while. Ann moved restlessly, and I looked at her miserably. The little station was attached to the house in which the sergeant lived, and from the garden the scent of early spring flowers drifted into the car. For some reason they reminded me not of the ecstasy of spring, but of funerals, and I shivered in the darkness.

Suddenly a swathe of light cut the night as the door to the police station opened and Vin appeared in the open doorway. I heard him say, "Goodnight Sergeant," and the answering rumble of the sergeant's voice, and then he came firmly down the path towards us.

As he stepped into the car, his face, in the light from the dashboard, was pale and set, and beads of sweat moistened his forehead and caused his fair hair to cling to his head in tight curls. For a moment I caught a glimpse of the curly-headed child who had captured Mrs. Devlin's heart and understood why both Millicent and Ann felt an urge to protect him. Then the impression faded and it was a man who turned to us.

"Well, I haven't been arrested—yet!" he said a trifle grimly. "Let's get away from here before Blackwood changes his mind." He looked at his watch. "There's still half an hour to closing-time. We'll go up to the hotel and have a drink. The lounge will probably be empty and we can talk in comfort."

Ann opened her mouth to protest, and then, after a quick glance at him, closed it again.

As he had predicted, the lounge was deserted, but a fire still glowed in the grate, and Ann and I pulled our chairs up to it while Vin went into the bar to order our drinks. Mr. Hart was busy in the bar and anyone who wanted to drink in the lounge looked after himself in casual country style. In a few minutes Vin returned balancing a tray, and we settled down in comfort. He handed us our glasses, lit our cigarettes, and relaxed with a sigh.

"Well," he said at last, "Blackwood pulls no punches. I know now exactly what his opinion of me is, and it isn't flattering. I suppose I deserve it. I know I've been a fool. I should never have had anything to do with Joy in the first place, and when she turned on me I should have stood my ground and let her do her worst. I could see the sergeant thought I was a useless weakling hiding behind women's skirts, letting first Millicent and then you two shield me." He lapsed into a glum silence.

"That's all behind you now, Vin," said Ann urgently. "Tell me. Did Sergeant Blackwood believe you?"

"I don't know. He only has my word, and it looks pretty grim for me. He can't prove anything one way or another as far as Joy is concerned, but I had motive and opportunity. At least he knows now what she was up to, and he may be able to find some other poor fool she was blackmailing. If she tried it on me, I'll bet she did the same to others. As far as you are concerned, Noel, I was at that social and if I remember rightly I even handed you your coffee, so I suppose

I had opportunity then, too, and a motive of sorts if it comes to that. If it turns out I was in the dispensary during the critical time, it's going to look pretty bad. Blackwood warned me to stay where he could find me if he wanted me. He needn't worry. I may be a fool, but I'm not such a crass idiot as to clear out at this stage."

He kicked moodily at the fire and swallowed his drink at a gulp. "I only hope old Devlin doesn't include me among those present," he said, and stood up. "We'd better get home. Come on, girls. We'll just have to wait and see what happens next."

Feeling subdued and miserable, we followed him from the warm room into the cold spring night. The early evening had been clear and starlit with a hint of frost in the air, but now rainclouds had blown up from the west, obscuring the stars, and a cold wind cut through our clothes and set us shivering. We were glad to huddle together in the shelter of the little car, and Vin lost no time in delivering me at my gate.

The trees in Ailsa's garden sighed around me as I hurried to my room. A mood of extraordinary depression gripped me, and even when I had undressed and sought the warmth of my bed I found myself shivering. Unwilling to face the darkness, which seemed to hold an inexplicable menace, I left my small bedside lamp alight, and lay awake staring at the ceiling.

I thought with sympathy of the old chemist sitting, lonely and bewildered, in his silent home, trying to remember who had visited him on those fateful days; trying, unhappily, to decide which among his friends could be considered a potential thief and murderer. Knowing him, I knew how heart-breaking the task must be.

At length, realising that for the sake of my pupils I must get some sleep, I switched off the light and lay rigid in the darkness for a while before falling into an uneasy sleep.

I woke unrefreshed, and wished fervently that it had been Saturday morning. However, work had to be done, and I had to pull myself together.

The first part of the morning passed smoothly enough. The children had settled down into their normal routine, and I usually enjoyed the commencement of a new term and the planning of the term's programme of work.

At recess-time I went to Ann's room for our usual morning tea. Sylvia joined us, seemingly in a more amiable mood than usual. She and Ron had spent the previous evening making plans for their wedding at the end of the year, and with something definite in view she seemed more contented and happy. We were all three happily exchanging ideas on the subject of trousseaus when Mr. Marsh came into the room. A glance at his face told us that something was amiss.

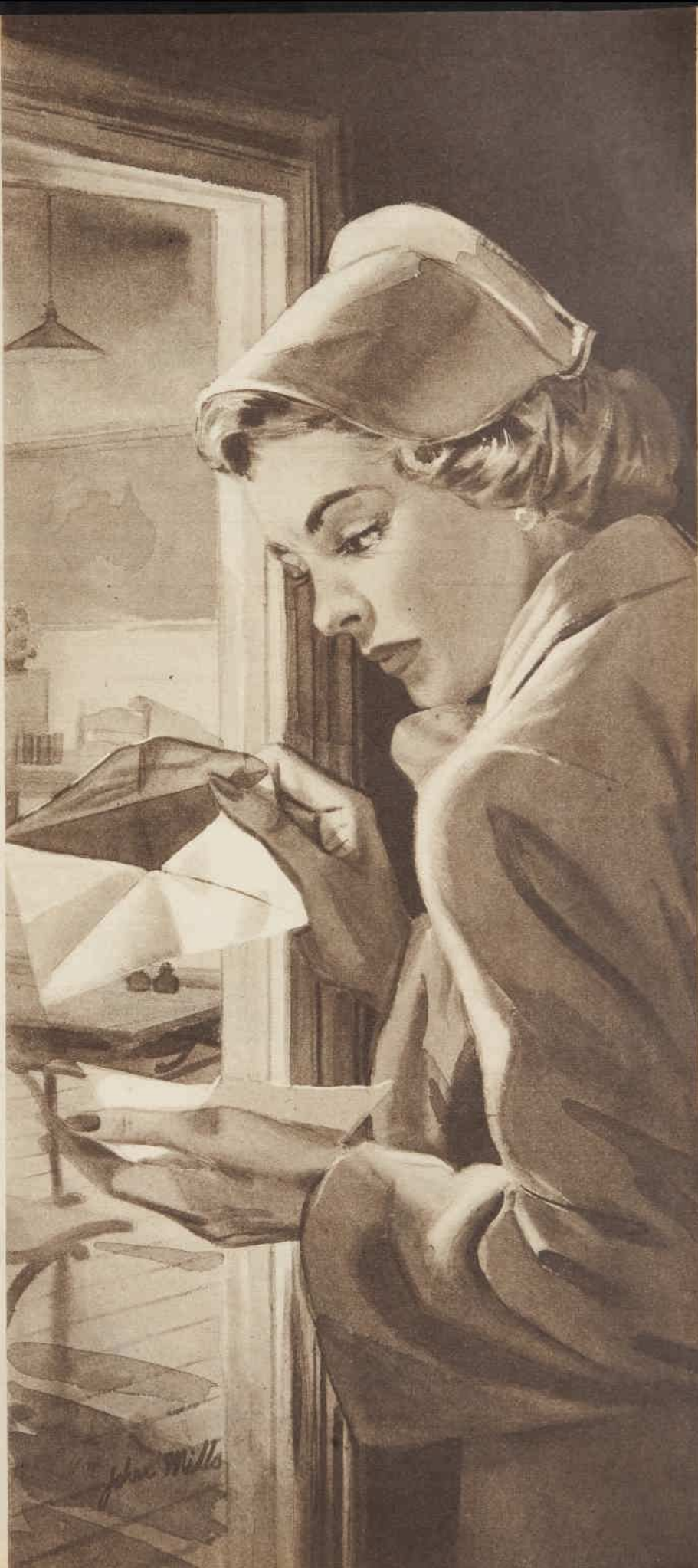
"I have some tragic news for you, girls," he said gravely. "Mrs. Marsh has just told me that poor old Mr. Devlin was found dead at his home this morning."

There was a concerted gasp from all three, and I instinctively moved towards Ann as if to shield her. Sylvia voiced our common question. "What happened, Mr. Marsh? Did he have a heart attack or something?"

"I'm afraid not, Sylvia. I only know what the baker-boy told my

To page 54 \*

*I gazed at the paper in horror, knowing that I held in my hand another clue to Sutton's murderer.*





# Sheer Witchery



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# To the sound of MUSIC

BY JUDITH ASHE

FROM the moment the name "Davis" appeared on the door of the vacant flat, the piano started. The practising was persistent and enthusiastic as, of course, became a serious player.

But there was no enthusiasm in the flat below.

"It's all right if you like music," said Jim Turner, "but I don't and that pounding's driving me crack-ets!"

Jim was at his wits' end. He was a freelance writer and had many other accomplishments, but music was not one of them. To him the most beautiful melodies were nothing but inharmonious jumbles of sound and, to spare him irritation, his wife, Sally, had even learnt to deny herself many music programmes on the radio.

That meant something because, although her job was designing jewellery, her love was music.

"Why don't you go up and ask them to stop for a while?" Sally suggested.

But Jim only hit his typewriter and swore to himself.

On and on went the practising, interminably, till even Sally felt as if she was being tortured.

"It's no use," Jim exploded finally. "I can't stand it!"

He dashed out of the room, slamming the door. Then, in a little while, the piano stopped. The silence was heavenly.

But, curiously enough, it was not a triumphant but a very subdued Jim who returned a few minutes later. Sally heard his key in the lock, then a gentle click as the door was quietly closed.

Without a word, he went back to his typewriter.

"Well?" she said, puzzled.

"Well?" Jim repeated vaguely.

"Well, what? Oh, the playing. Well—er—"

At that moment the silence was splintered by the sound of a thunderous chord from above. Then the practising was resumed—as maddening and persistent as ever.

Sally looked at Jim and he looked at her. There was a peculiar expression on his face, self-conscious, even sheepish; and yet he wore an inexplicable air of quiet pleasure that made Sally wonder.

"Seems it'll only last another fortnight," his voice was almost conciliatory. "It's for an exam. We'll just have to grin and bear it till it's over. We must be neighborly, eh, Sal?" He laughed heartily but somewhat artificially.

"All right, Jim—if that's how you feel about it—"

But Jim's attitude was odd. Day after day the studies and sonatas beat down with deadly monotony. He was continually irritable and continually helped himself to aspirin from a large jar which he now kept on his desk. Yet not one word of complaint did he utter about the piano.

"Darling," Sally was driven to saying, "let me go up and tell the old so-and-so to shut up."

"That's sweet of you, Sal," Jim grinned, "but let's stick it out, eh? Only ten days more to the exam—and then—fini!"

He patted his wife's cheek as if he were comforting her. By now Jim's heroic good-neighborliness was becoming an irritation as well as a mystery to Sally. Then, one morning, she understood.

Sally was getting out of the lift on her way to a jewellery exhibition when a vision suddenly appeared. A feminine vision. She looked no more than twenty-two and she was the loveliest girl Sally had ever seen.

"You're Mrs. Turner, aren't you?" she said with a smile that would have made any man her willing slave. "I'm Beth Davis. I'm sorry about the piano. Your husband was sweet about it the other day. He said he always worked better to the sound of music."

The colossal untruth made Sally gape. Beth mistook her open mouth for a smile, smiled back, and got

**"Jim, for goodness sake!" Sally ejaculated, brought to a standstill by the spectacle her husband presented.**

into the waiting lift. She was so friendly it was difficult to resist her.

But Sally not only resisted, she resented her.

"So this is why my beloved music hater is martyring himself!" she thought. "We must be neighborly, forsooth! He had gone upstairs that day ready to do violence to the pianist who was torturing him. Then the girl had smiled and he was her slave, willing to sacrifice himself—and his wife!—to her music."

Sally remembered her sacrifice—her silent symphonies—her unheard concerts. She fumed with silent, consuming anger that lasted all the way to the exhibition.

When she got home several hours later her resentment had faded. Half a dozen carefully fabricated witticisms at Jim's expense were all ready, but one look at him drove

everything except alarm from her mind.

"Jim, for goodness sake!" she ejaculated, brought to a standstill in the doorway by the spectacle her husband presented.

With a wild expression on his face, he was pounding his typewriter mercilessly, puffing furiously at his pipe, and—Sally could hardly believe her eyes—had a damp towel round his head.

Upstairs Beth was still at it. Jim was at breaking point. He was struggling to keep a deadline for his article, and at the same time fighting to overcome the agony Beth's music was causing him—for Beth's sake.

Tap, tap, tap, went Jim's typewriter; lalalalalalalalalal, went Beth's arpeggios. On and on, up and down, never stopping. Tap, tap, tap, lalala . . . driving the poor, bewitched man crazy.

**Music might have soothing charms, but it was definitely no help, Jim discovered, to journalists fighting deadlines**

ILLUSTRATED BY HEDSTROM

"Why don't you go for a walk, Jim? You'll feel better when you come back."

That did it.

"Go for a walk!" he roared. "And who's going to finish this? You?" Then his real thoughts slipped out. "If only that pneumatic drill'd go for a walk I'd be finished in an hour!"

Sally could not resist such an opening.

"Pneumatic drill? Do you mean the piano? But, sweetheart, you always work so much better to the sound of music—"

"Who told you—?" Jim began, and then stopped abruptly.

"Wonderful," she continued, "a pretty face! The things it makes a man say—and listen to!"

It was the last straw.

"Oh, go to—!" he exploded, and charged out of the flat.

An hour later he returned, went silently to his typewriter, and worked on till he had finished his job.

As the date of the musical examination approached, the practising upstairs grew more passionate and the Turners' coolness more intense. Then, one day, the piano stopped.

Obviously, Beth had taken her examination.

For days not another note was heard from the flat above. A heavenly peace and quiet reigned, and in its relaxing calm Jim and Sally looked at each other and grinned. They were friends again.

A few nights later they were coming home from the cinema when Jim broke off in the middle of a sentence, raised his hat, and beamed. There was Beth looking even more ravishing than before.

Superficially he noticed that she was not alone. Accompanying her was a man who could have been none other than her music teacher. He was short and squat, and on his thick, black hair, that needed cutting, he wore a somewhat faded, wide-brimmed black trilby.

"Why, Miss Davis," said Jim, almost inarticulate with joy.

Sally, standing beside him in silence, wondered how she refrained from hitting him—hard.

"Mrs. Davis," Beth corrected him primly, and indicated the "music teacher." "I want you to meet my husband—Alessandro, this is Mr. and Mrs. Turner—"

"Your husband!"

Sally almost said it, but caught the words just in time.

But if the announcement shook her, it apparently came as a knock-out blow to Jim. He looked now as though he had been hit—very hard on the head.

"This is a pleasure, Mr. Davis," she managed to say.

At all once Sally wanted to giggle. The trio was too much for her: Jim's exquisite and lissom enchantress, her stumpy and be-whiskered "music teacher" husband being proudly introduced, and Jim himself looking as though he had been anaesthetised.

"How did you get on, Mrs. Davis?" Sally interpreted for him. "Have you heard yet?"

Beth looked at her blankly, then gave a little laugh.

"Oh it wasn't me," she said brightly. "I can't play a note. It was Alessandro's exam."

"Alessandro's exam—!" Jim gasped.

"And I got my teaching certificate, too," said Mr. Davis complacently. "It was grand of you people to be so patient. I certainly do appreciate it."

Jim's mouth opened but no words came. Sally took his arm and quietly led him home.

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# EVERYBODY FALLS FOR

# ANGIE

**M**R. T. PHILLIPS, owner and manager of the Super Duper Market, dreamed a lot. Most of his dreams had to do with women, in long lines, pushing bright carriages through the maze of shelves in his store, hundreds of arms reaching out and snatching goods from these shelves, and putting them into the carts.

He usually saw these heavy-laden carts go to the cashiers, the contents loaded into tremendous bags, and the cash registers singing a merry tune of prosperity. At such times, he would snortle happily in his sleep, and his round face would assume a cherubic smile as he continued his dream.

But tonight was different. Instead of dreaming about long orderly lines of women buying everything they could lay their hands on, he saw utter confusion and bedlam. There were only a few women in the store. They were scrambling here and there, knocking the shelves down, scattering jars of jam and coffee all over the floor.

He saw women slipping on these jars, he saw police and lawyers following him, waving summonses, he saw doctors' bills staring him in the face, and, to make matters worse, the cash registers weren't singing a merry tune, they were chanting a dirge, a funeral dirge. He hurried about, distraught.

Then, when he saw a woman with a heavily laden cart bearing down

on him, he tried to move out of the way, but couldn't. The cart came lumbering on, and hit him full in the face.

He awoke, and mechanically reached out to pick up the jars and packages, mumbling apologies. Then he realised that it was all just a dream.

Trembling, he arose, put on his dressing-gown, and went into the bathroom. Opening the medicine chest he played ee-nee-mee-mee-moo with the bottles, then settled for two aspirins.

He went back to the bedroom and sat on the edge of the bed, trying to figure out the solution to his troubles.

His troubles could be summed up in one word; in one name, that is—Joe; Joe Rivers, his assistant manager. It was Joe who was responsible for the success of the Super Duper Market. It was Joe who, with his inventions, had made the Super Duper Market the biggest in town.

He thought of the time that people were buying the cheapest coffees on the shelves, coffees on which the store made almost no profit.

Joe had solved that problem. He had installed slightly inclined runways in the coffee section, so that when the women stopped pushing their carts and reached out to get the cheap coffee, the carts would roll down the incline and come to a stop directly in front of the more

money than you'll ever get over there. Why should you want to change?"

"It isn't the money, Mr. Phillips, it's the prestige. There's a lot of difference between manager and assistant manager."

Nothing Mr. Phillips could say would change Joe's mind. Joe gave him two weeks' notice.

Thus, the nightmare. Thus, sleepless nights for Mr. Phillips. Thus, the pills and powders and tablets.

He didn't get much sleep that night. After a hasty breakfast he went off to the store. As usual, Joe had arrived there before him, and had organised the army of stockmen. Everybody was industriously stacking bottles, cans, packages, and boxes on the hundreds of shelves.

The sight of this concentrated and well-organised activity pleased Mr. Phillips immensely, but he didn't remain pleased too long. He remembered that Joe was leaving, and soon this efficiency would be no more. It was Joe, with his training as an army sergeant, who was responsible for it.

Nobody could handle the stockmen as could Joe. For Joe had a sort of sixth sense as regards inventories. He could be talking to Mr. Phillips, then a strange look of concentration would appear on his face. His ears would wiggle slightly, and he would call out in his sergeant's bellow, "Herb! Four dozen jars of strawberry conserve on shelf 83! On the double!"

Shelf 83 might be on the other side of the store, and sometimes Mr. Phillips would go over to investigate, inventory showing him that there would be plenty of strawberry conserve there, but he would always find it empty. It was uncanny, positively supernatural, the way Joe could spot things like that.

This morning Mr. Phillips looked glumly at Joe, and said good morning. Joe usually gave him a very cheerful answer, but not this morning. Mr. Phillips thought for a moment that Joe's inventory mind had found an empty shelf somewhere. He looked for the telltale sign of the ears wiggling, but, to his surprise, it didn't come. He looked anxiously at Joe and noticed a glazed look on his face.

"Joe, what's the matter? Aren't you feeling well?"

Joe apparently didn't hear him. Then Mr. Phillips noticed that the shelf under Joe's nose was empty.

"Joe, we need more condensed milk on that shelf."

"Huh? What shelf?" Joe looked surprised.

"That one, the one right by your hand!"

"That's right," answered Joe. Mr. Phillips braced himself for the bellow that was supposed to follow.

To his surprise, it didn't come.

Joe only grinned happily and started moving the packages of lemon jelly from the shelf above and absentmindedly stacked them, pyramid fashion, on the shelf where the condensed milk belonged.

Mr. Phillips stared at Joe, too puzzled to say anything. Then, to his amazement, he saw a woman bump into Joe with her cart. Joe didn't even seem to notice it, but continued piling lemon jelly in pyramids.

"Ye gods, Joe! What's the matter with you? Are you in love or some—"

The words drifted off into nothing. He realised the enormity and the truth of what he had said. Joe was in love!

Mr. Phillips' mind was racing as he left Joe making pyramids of tomato sauce on top of the dog food. He rushed into his office and assumed his thinking position; chair tipped way back, and his feet on the desk-top. He earnestly hoped his chair would collapse to the floor soon, for that always meant that his problem would be solved.

Lunchtime came and went. Still he remained in the thinking position. Not even the crash of milk bottles disturbed him. And when two women locked their carts, subsequently knocking over the shelf of ammonia bottles, still he didn't stir. The neighborhood brat came in and smeared limburger cheese over a case of strawberries, but still he remained, his feet on top of the desk, and the chair tipped at a crazy angle.

Then the chair collapsed. Mr. Phillips got to his feet, grinning and humming happily. He had solved his problem!

Dusting himself off he stepped out into the store, but had to stop to dislodge his foot from the wastebasket into which it had become wedged during his descent from the chair. Then he set off in search of Joe.

He found him in the fruit department, casually mixing the tomatoes with the apples.

"Joe, uh—what's the name of this girl you're going to marry?"

Joe's head inclined to one side as if he were looking at something very interesting on the ceiling. His eyes revolved loosely in their sockets. "Angie!" he whispered, throwing his heart into it.

"Angie? Angie what?"

"Angie Davis."

Mr. Phillips dodged a cart being pushed by a determined looking woman coming his way. But Joe was not so lucky. The cart caught him on the left shin, spun him about completely, causing him to drop the basket of tomatoes he was holding. They rolled all over the floor, and two were squashed by the cart, which then sped off into parts unknown.

Mr. Phillips went off to his office, leaving Joe happily kicking the tomatoes about on the floor. Mr. Phillips had some things to do.

The next morning he made it a point to come to the store early. As he was unlocking the door he heard a tinkling voice by his elbow and turned around.

He was prepared for anything but what he saw. There, standing by him was a girl of such loveliness that he had to rub his eyes to believe it. The sunlight threw glints of red from her blond hair. Her skin was creamy, and set off by two specks of deep blue for the eyes, and the

warm red of her lips. As he stared, the lips moved, showing white teeth.

"I'm Angie Davis. I got your telegram last night."

"Oh, yes—Angie!" answered Mr. Phillips in a daze, as he fumbled with his keys. "Come on in."

He finished unlocking the door and led her into the empty store. He didn't say anything until they got into his office and he settled down behind his desk.

"Well, here's the idea," he said, clearing his throat. "We need another girl on the check-out counters, and I was—well, I wondered if you would like the job?"

"Would I? I most certainly would!" Her bell-like voice made the metal shade of the desk lamp tingle. Mr. Phillips had to put his hand out and touch it to stop the vibrations.

"Well, then, you're hired." He was surprised at himself for the rapid way he had hired her. He usually gave everybody at least a half-hour's interview. But, he suddenly realised, Angie had a way about her that made businessmen forget business. Then, too, he remembered, he had a reason for wanting her in the store.

He led her to the dressing-room and got her a smock to wear over her clothes. Then he introduced her to one of the other girls and vaguely assigned her to a check-out counter. Still in a daze, he went back into his office.

A little while after the store opened, Joe came into the office.

"Mr. Phillips?" he began.

"Yes, Joe?"

"Ah—have you hired anybody for my job yet?"

"No, Joe, I haven't."

"Well, then, if it's all the same to you, I'd like to stay on here."

Mr. Phillips was delighted. "Why, certainly, Joe. That's fine. We'll just forget all about your wanting to leave."

This was his boy Joe! Mr. Phillips was pleased with himself. It certainly was a splendid idea of his to get Angie into the store. Things were working out fine, just fine! He beamed.

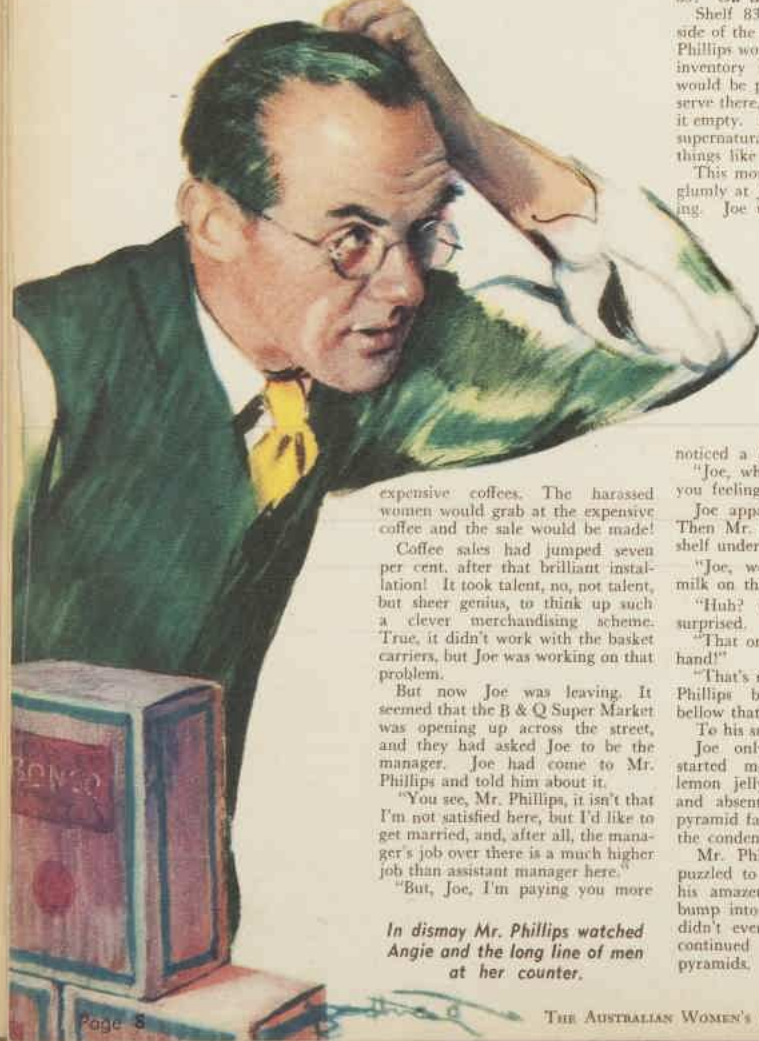
Then Angie came in, her blond hair looking even more striking against the smock.

"Oh, Mr. Phillips. I just wanted to—oh, hello, Joe." She stopped, staring fondly at Joe. Joe got to his feet, grinning foolishly.

"Yes, Angie?" answered Mr. Phillips.

"What? Oh, yes, Mr. Phillips. I just wanted to tell you, I have no money left."

"No money left? Oh, I see. You mean you have no small change left."



In dismay Mr. Phillips watched Angie and the long line of men at her counter.





# A light-hearted romance by STEPHEN MARSHALL

is that it?" He reached for the safe, but his hand stopped in mid air at Angie's next words.

"No, I mean I have no money left at all."

Mr. Phillips thought furiously. There was something wrong, but he wasn't quite sure what it was. He'd better get to the bottom of things right away.

"You see," Angie continued, "somehow or other I seem to have given back more money in change than I've collected from the customers."

"Y-you mean—?" he gasped. Oh, no! It couldn't be happening to him!

"That's right. I'm afraid I've given it all away. Now I need some more money."

"Oh, no! It can't be. I never thought one person could be so—!" He stopped. He had to be more careful, for Joe was still in the room, grinning foolishly at Angie.

"Joe, would you mind teaching Angie how to collect and give change?" he managed to gulp out. Then, as Joe and Angie left the office, he buried his head in his hands. Why, oh why, did he ever have to get this featherbrain into his store? Why?

To keep Joe, of course. Then he wondered if Joe was worth it.

He sat at his desk for nearly an hour. Then, cautiously, he went into the store and to the check-out section. He glanced at Angie's cash drawer and was gratified to see it comfortably filled with money. He breathed a sigh of relief. The interim loss was surely worth that much to keep Joe.

But, turning away from the check-outs, he saw a woman leaving, loaded down with two huge bags. The figure on Angie's register was absurdly small.

"Angie!" he spluttered. "What did that woman buy that cost so little but had to be put in those two big bags?"

"Oh," she replied, airily, "she had such a lot of things, but it was so hard to add it all up, what with this big crowd behind her, that I just kind of guessed at what it all should cost and I charged her that."

"B-b-but—those two big bags!"

"Oh, well," Angie declared. "Prices are too high these days, much too high, and I'm only doing my little bit to help out!"

He gave himself a hearty pinch. He wasn't in bed, dreaming. He was still in the store, gazing in horrified fascination at Angie practically gave a man two sirloin steaks.

"Joe!" he called, feebly, as he fumbled his unsteady way towards his office.

That wasn't all.

Wandering through the store, later in the day, he noticed a long line of men at Angie's counter. A quick glance at the other counters revealed them to be either empty or frequented only by women. In growing dismay he saw that Angie was chatting charmingly to the men, making no attempt to check their purchases. Then his ears caught a voice, a woman's voice.

"Can't you keep your eyes where they belong? We'll never shop in this place again!"

He turned around and saw a middle-aged woman dragging her husband away from Angie's counter. It was Mrs. Farley, one of Super Duper's steadiest customers!

He glanced again at Angie—she certainly did stand out like a butterfly in a group of moths.

This must stop, he thought. But how?

At the end of the week he totalled up the cost of keeping Angie to keep Joe. It was quite considerable, taking into account a lackadaisical method of adding up the slips and giving change, and breakage, including a carton of imported caviar, dropped by one of the stockmen, on the occasion of his first look at Angie.

He noticed that the women shoppers in the store were dropping off. Instead, there were always a number of men around. They would come in, make a minimum purchase, then wait in the long line at Angie's counter.

He didn't dare say anything to Angie for fear that she might leave and then Joe would leave. Angie's presence, however expensive, provided the insurance against losing Joe. But as he looked over the sales

slips he reckoned it was pretty expensive insurance.

He thought, for a while, of making Angie work in the office. Then, when he looked at all the girls, busily working their bookkeeping machines, and the rows and rows of neat figures they turned out, which always balanced, he shuddered and gave up that idea.

He felt a surge of frustration sweep over him. Take it easy now, he told himself, take it easy, you're keeping Joe.

The B & Q Super Market opened across the street. The opening was marked by the display of a huge banner stating, "CROSS THE STREET AND SAVE."

But Joe was on his toes. He had an even larger banner made with the inscription, "WHY BOTHER TO CROSS THE STREET TO SAVE? YOU CAN DO IT RIGHT HERE!"

That did it! That saved the day! Sales went up four per cent!

Well, Mr. Phillips thought, maybe it was worth while. But he'd still have to keep an eye on Angie and try to keep her mistakes down to a minimum. Wearily, he returned to his figures.

But his dream of keeping Joe was shattered. Joe came into the office with a worried look on his face.

"Mr. Phillips," he began, throwing himself down into a chair.

"Yes, Joe?"

"Mr. Phillips, I've been thinking it all over, about Angie and me, that is."

Mr. Phillips' heart gave a sudden jump. Was this love affair at an end? Anxiously, he awaited Joe's next words.

"You see, Angie and I are going to be married soon, and I've been doing an awful lot of checking up."

He leaned forward impressively.

"Mr. Phillips, do you want to know something?"

Mr. Phillips certainly did want to know something.

"Do you realise 18 per cent. of divorces are caused by the fact that the man and wife see each other all day long and get tired of each other?"

Mr. Phillips saw his beautiful plan capsizing like a paper boat in a strong wind. Joe continued.

"So I've been thinking, Mr. Phillips, it would be a much better idea if Angie were to remain here and I'd go to work over at the B & Q. They telephoned me this morning and told me the manager's job was still open and I could have it. I told them I'd think it over."

This time the paper boat went completely under water.

"Joe," Mr. Phillips begged. "Don't do anything until you check with me. Promise?"

Joe promised, and left the office. Mr. Phillips immediately went into his thinking position.

About two hours later the chair collapsed. As he got to his feet, Mr. Phillips' face wore a beautiful smile, which remained even while he was dislodging his foot from the wastepaper basket.

He went over to the front windows of the store and spent a long time watching people entering and leaving the B & Q. Finally, he saw what he was watching for. His face still wore the beautiful smile as he went out and crossed the street to the little cafe.

Inside, as he expected, he found

To page 10



Angie was chatting charmingly to the men, making no attempt to check their purchases.



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**Scott's Emulsion**  
NATURE'S OWN FOOD TONIC

Continuing . . . .

## Everybody Falls For Angie

from page 9

Mr. Bridges, the owner of the B & Q, sitting at the counter and drinking coffee. Mr. Phillips sat down on the next stool and jocularly slapped him on the back.

"Well, look who's here! What's this I hear about your trying to steal Joe Rivers from me?"

A waitress came and Mr. Phillips ordered coffee. Bridges nervously gulped.

"Well, you can't blame a man for trying, can you?"

"No, I suppose not. But you'll have to try an awful lot harder to beat old man Phillips to the punch. I'll bet you're still wondering how I managed to keep him?"

"Well, yes," admitted Bridges, "I have been wondering."

"Psychology, that's all. Psychology and using the old bean, that's what it was. Here, have a cigar!" He shoved a cigar into Mr. Bridges' open mouth.

"What do you mean, psychology?" Bridges held the cigar away from himself daintily.

"Well, I'll tell you, it's like this," Mr. Phillips lowered his voice and Bridges leaned forward to catch the words. "Joe wants to get married to Angie Davis, and, naturally, like all young fellows, he likes to have her around him all the time. So, what do you think I did?" He lighted his cigar with a flourish and blew a smoke ring into Bridges' eager face.

"What did you do?" coughed Bridges.

"I gave her a job in my store! That's what I did, I gave her a job in my store!"

He could see a glint appear in Bridges' eyes.

"That was a very smart thing to do!" declared. "Giving her a job like that. Wish I'd thought of it. Any fellow smart enough to think up something like that deserves the break! Well, I've got some work to do. I'll see you again, Phillips."

He hurried out of the cafe.

Mr. Phillips walked back to the Super Duper Market. Through the window he could see Angie giving change. He winced as one of the stockmen, his eyes on Angie, walked into a display of jelly, sending countless jars crashing to the floor. But he remained comparatively cheerful as he went into his office and sat down to await developments.

They were not long in coming. It took one hour exactly. Angie came into the office and sat down.

"Mr. Phillips, I've got some-

thing I want to talk over with you." Her voice made the lampshade tingle again.

"Certainly, Angie, what is it?"

"Well, it's like this. Mr. Bridges from the B & Q came in and offered me a job in his store. And he wants to give me almost twice what I'm making here."

"Hmmm. Have you talked this over with Joe?"

"Yes, I have, and Joe thinks I should take it. He says I

### DOCTOR'S LUCKY GUESS

A COUNTRY doctor in England claims to have found a cure for 85 per cent. of sufferers from one of the most painful and relentless ailments in the world—rheumatoid arthritis.

He's Dr. Charles Hagenbach.

After trying every known remedy in an attempt to relieve the pain in a girl's swollen joints, he decided to try colloidal iodine injections. Without much hope, he started the girl on a course of intravenous injections. Four days later she was free of pain. After 20 doses she had regained her health. And she stayed well.

A.M., Australia's leading weekly magazine for all the family, tells about it in the September 8 issue. It's yours for 1/-.

won't make anywhere near that amount here, and it would give us security in case of a depression or something. And we thought, too, it's not such a good idea for a husband and wife to be working in the same place."

"Himm. Well, you know, we'll—" he choked, "—miss you here."

"I know. That's why I don't want to do anything without talking to you about it first, Mr. Phillips. After all, you were kind enough to give me a job in the first place."

Mr. Phillips sighed deeply. He must be careful not to overplay his hand.

"Well, Angie, we here at Super Duper like to keep our employees, especially when they're doing as well—" again he choked on the words, but continued bravely, "That is, doing as—er—efficiently—"

and he gave up entirely. "What I mean is, we won't stand in the way of any of our employees bettering themselves. Yes, you go right ahead and work for Bridges. In fact, I'll even give you the rest of the week off with full pay so that you'll be rested and fresh when you start working for B & Q."

He heaved a tremendous sigh of relief as Angie stood up.

"Thanks an awful lot, Mr. Phillips. You don't know how much I appreciate this."

They shook hands and Mr. Phillips closed his eyes in anticipation of the whistles he would hear as she walked through the store. They came.

Mr. Phillips slept well and late that night. The next morning he got to the store long after it had opened and all the deliveries were made. He checked out in the stock room for a minute, then went out into the store.

A sense of well-being came over him. The women, pushing the carts, were moving with the efficiency of a huge armored division. Scurrying back and forth were the stockmen, carrying cartons and packages. From different parts of the store, he could hear Joe's huge voice issuing orders to fill up various shelves. The cash registers were singing a merry tune of plenty. He saw the higher priced coffee being grabbed by frantic hands as the carts rolled, apparently under their own power, in front of it. Good old Joe!

He found Joe and brought him into the stock room. He led him over to a long package wrapped in canvas. Joe was curious.

"What is it, Mr. Phillips?"

"Go ahead, Joe, open it."

Joe fumbled with the string and pulled the coverings off. For a moment he stood there and stared at the object. A tear of gratitude welled in his eye.

"Thanks, Mr. Phillips. You don't know how happy this makes Angie and me. She'll be able to see it from across the street."

Together, they stood and gazed at the brilliantly colored electric sign.

**SUPER DUPER MARKET, INC. JOE RIVERS, GENERAL MANAGER.** (T. Phillips, president.)

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## THIS WEEK'S CROSSWORD

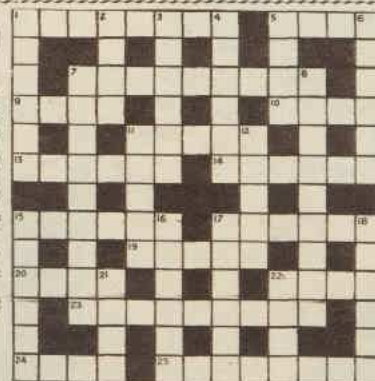
ACROSS

1. Bird in a heavenly body with a fish (6).
5. Politician, after a Chinese mile has a lame walk (4).
7. Scottish. Johnnies follow long distances and become Irish (9).
9. Old musical instrument could transgress if it came before consumed (4).
10. Composition with stirred-up soup as sole ingredient (4).
11. 8 in 11. mountains which are evil inside (5).
13. Trenches and blight. I see, too (6).
14. Feast day if headless presents a flower (6).
15. The age of a Russian village community gives this illustration (6).
17. Out in two twice and the rest broken (6).
18. Famous earl whose marbles are in the British Museum (5).
20. Cozy weapons turned (4).
22. Goddess yet looks like a male sun-god (4).
23. Padre's nap (Anagr. 4-5).
24. Flower which got out of bed (4).
25. Articles sold by a corn-chandler or by a mercer (3-5).

Solution will be published next week.

INCANDESCENT  
M A E M O O K  
P A P R E V A S I O N  
E E V A N T Y S O  
N U R S E D I S S E N T  
D Y N A M I C C I C  
S Y M B O L O R A N G E  
E A N N I N  
W A R R A N T S T I N G  
A A N I L E N A  
V I N E G A R T G A G  
E C C E I N T O G E  
S H O R T S I G H T E D

Solution to last week's crossword.



DOWN

1. Splinter made out of a precious metal (6).
2. Could carry a trait, but could not tell the truth backwards (4).
3. Aiming at peace, though starts with anger (6).
4. Latticed screen is hardly more than a broken stake (6).
5. Half a century in nothing covers the floor (4).
6. Ship's officer though mixed sure you find it midway (6).
7. Huge (9).
8. An incoherent speaker (9).
11. All turns on this critical point, even a door (5).
12. Took a seat in a silky material (3).
13. Title of man turned about after fog (6).
16. Here little Edward was associated with a disorderly duel, but escaped cleverly (6).
17. AMY? (6).
18. Very small quantities of tea taken before events at Ascot (6).
21. Storm in a broken leg (4).
22. The duck of that woman is a very brave man (4).

## TRICKS FOR HUSBANDS



Every husband fondly wishes To escape from drying dishes.



That's something you can quickly fix— Go to a store and ask for TRIX.



Behind the back of wife or daughter Sneak some Trix into the water.



They'll wonder why each dish and plate Comes out so immaculate.



Take dishes straight from rack to shelves— TRIX-WASHED DISHES DRY THEMSELVES!

Trix is the wonder detergent that washes cleaner than clean! Any job you've been used to doing with old-fashioned soaps can be done better with Trix. Dirt and grease dissolve like magic. Trix-washed dishes are free from germs . . . and they dry with a sparkle!





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Lustre have set the fashion in Spring-time lingerie with their latest collection. From luxurious, lace-frothed nighties to dainty little briefs . . . each lovely creation has its own fashion highlight and the superb cut and finish that come naturally with Lustre. Choose White, Peach or Blue Mist, in the season's most enchanting lingerie fashions. Lustre loveliness is so inexpensive, when you consider how it lasts and lasts.

*more lace  
than ever*

*frills to  
the fore*

*the prettiest panties  
and the cutest  
scanties*

FOR LOVELIER SPRINGTIME LINGERIE

ASK FOR

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# SYMPATHY and POWER!

## IN TABLET FORM —



## THE GREAT SOOTHER

*that does so much and costs so little . . . .*

No one can estimate the worth of 'ASPRO' in terms of money. Its cost is trifling — its service great! The way to judge 'ASPRO' is by the happiness and comfort it brings and by the world-wide esteem in which it is held. Why does 'ASPRO' hold such a high place in public confidence? . . . simply because it is a medicine which never fails to live up to its claims.

'ASPRO' has the POWER to relieve a host of ills that come to all from the tiny tot to the oldest. Aches and pains, headaches, feverishness, irritability, nerviness, the discomforts of colds and 'flu — in all these conditions the faithful 'ASPRO' tablets act with effectiveness. It is one medicine with many, many uses — a definite MUST in every household.

## Constant Friend and Comfort to MAN, WOMAN and CHILD!

*Two mothers tell their experiences —*

### FROM N.S.W.:-

Mrs. N. A. Kindness, of 48 Ramsgate Road, Ramsgate, writes:—Dear Sirs: I am a mother of three children, and must keep my house going through all seasons. At the first sign of a cold or 'flu attack I get in early with 'Aspro,' both for the children and myself. I know it is very safe for children, and it is just amazing how quickly our colds seem to clear up. I would not be without 'Aspro,' and every mother should keep it in the home.

### FROM SOUTH AUST.:-

Mrs. Lucy Wood, of 14 Ross Street, Flinders Park, writes:—

At the sign of any pain, such as headaches, neuralgia, sleeplessness or any nerve pains, both myself and all my family immediately take 'Aspro.'

I have tried all other pain relievers, and find 'Aspro' is the best of all.

I can thoroughly recommend 'Aspro' to any sufferers of the ailments I mentioned. You may use this as you desire.

### 'ASPRO' FOR CHILDREN:

Children suffer from so many feverish complaints that 'Aspro,' which reduces temperature, is especially valuable to them. 'Aspro' quickly soothes away toothache, earache, and other pains and is safe. Doses for children shown on every packet.

### 2 ASPRO tablets with your cup of tea for HEADACHE and NERVINESS



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### Swift, Certain **SAFE** for—

Colds and 'Flu  
Headache  
Rheumatism  
Nerve Pains  
Sore Throat  
Irritability  
Periodic Pains  
'Mornings After'  
Sciatica  
Toothache  
Sleeplessness  
Neuritis  
Lumbago



# 'ASPRO'

Does not harm  
**HEART or  
STOMACH**

A3/50



# U.S. golf champions to play here



**HAWAIIAN CHAMPION** Jacqueline Pung doing her famous victory hula on the 18th green after winning a match. She is one of the most popular women golfers in America. She hits about the longest ball in women's golf.



**GOLFING SISTERS** Alice and Marlene Bauer turned professional in 1950 and introduced "oomph" to the tournament circuit. Alice, left, is 25, and Marlene is 18. Both girls appear on the course in shorts and attract large galleries of spectators. They began playing golf when they were children.

## American girls earn big money from tours and tournaments

Four of America's most attractive and talented women golfers will begin a tour of Australian golf courses next month.

They are Jackie Pung, of Hawaii, who always dances a victory hula on the 18th green when she wins her matches; the two glamorous sisters of golf, Alice and Marlene Bauer; and happy-go-lucky Peggy Kirk, who pilots her own aeroplane.

**A**LL four girls are professionals, and are consistent par-wreckers on the toughest U.S. courses.

Masculine golf fans are in for a surprise when they see this proficient foursome in action. The sight of slim, blonde Alice Bauer, 5ft. tall and weighing only 74 lb., smiting a golf ball 260 yds. down the fairway is going to rock a few Sunday golfers in the gallery, most of whom would settle for 200 yds. any time.

Mrs. Jacqueline Pung, wife of a Honolulu fireman and mother of two teen-age girls, is the newest recruit to the ranks of American girl golfers. She turned pro. last December, after her first victory in the Women's National Amateur Tournament.

She paid for her trip to the National Tournament in Portland, Oregon, by working for months in a Honolulu department store and by borrowing from friends and relatives. She turned professional to pay everyone back.

It was a wise move. This plump Hawaiian housewife has earned about £5000 in her first eight months as a professional, and is one of the most popular golf attractions in the U.S.

Jackie, who packs 15st. 10lb. on to a 5ft. 2in. frame, hits

just about the longest ball in women's golf. She occasionally goes on a reducing diet, but usually succumbs to "double desserts" (two portions of chocolate-fudge sundaes) after a strenuous round.

Jolly and uninhibited Jackie outraged the amateur golf heads by kicking off her spikes and performing a hip-shaking hula in front of the clubhouse (and the television cameras) after her victory in the National Championships.

The U.S. Golf Association warned Jackie against similar

"demonstrations," but since she turned pro, the galleries expect Jackie to hula, and she never disappoints them.

Jackie, who is the daughter of an Hawaiian father and a white mother, learned to play golf on a rough, five-hole course on race-track property near Honolulu.

She used to caddy for her father, started playing at the age of 12, and was women's amateur champion of Hawaii at 18.

Marriage and children interrupted her career for a



**PEGGY KIRK**, whose golf earns her a comfortable living, pilots her own plane.



**MARLENE**, the younger of the Bauer sisters, forces the ball out of a bunker.

while, but she returned to competitions after the war. She went to the American mainland in 1948 and again in 1950 to compete in the Women's National Championship, but did not win the trophy until last year, at the age of 32.

Tall and good-natured Peggy Kirk was an outstanding amateur player, both at Rollins College, in Florida, and in years of tournament play. She turned professional in 1950 and joined the staff of a large sporting goods company.

Unlike Jackie Pung, Peggy did not become a pro. because she needed the money. She is a daughter of a wealthy Ohio businessman and could have remained amateur indefinitely.

"I got tired of living on Pop," she explained, "and wanted to see whether I could earn my own way."

She found that she could. Although she is not one of the top money-winners in women's golf, Peggy earns enough to keep her in comfortable style and pay for the upkeep of her own Cessna plane.

Peggy is one of 14 or 15 girl pros. who play the entire women's circuit of 21 American tournaments from January to September each year. Purses in these tournaments have been increasing steadily and now total more than £50,000.

The two or three top pros., like Louise Suggs, Patty Berg, and Babe Didrikson Zaharias, each earn about £10,000 a year in tournament competition.

Peggy started to play golf at the age of 17, at her father's country club in Ohio, and five years later was Ohio State amateur champion, a title she held for three years.

She won the Eastern Amateur Championship in 1950, the year she turned professional. Her lowest competitive round of golf was a 69, scored in the Ohio State tournament of 1947. Peggy is a carefree individual who wisecracks with fans as she walks round the course.

### The Bauer sisters

**L**ITTLE Alice and Marlene Bauer, now 25 and 18 years respectively, will probably steal the show in Australia as they do in America.

The pretty blonde sisters were child prodigies — Marlene started playing at four and Alice at 11. They learned the game from their father, Dave Bauer, a golf pro.

Russian-born Bauer was determined that his children would become golf champions and started their training early.

The neighbors in Southern California learned to duck for cover from whizzing golf balls when the Bauer tots were practising in their backyard.

Papa Bauer instilled pinpoint accuracy into his daughters by constant practice. He cured a tendency to slice the ball by rigging a trick pedal beneath their right feet. If either of the girls lifted her right heel, a common fault, the ball fell down a chute out of sight. This left them swinging at empty air and soon taught them to keep the right foot firmly on the ground.

Bauer taught his daughters the exaggerated backswing which compensates for their lack of size and enables them to hit booming man-sized drives and iron shots.

Blue-eyed Marlene, who turned down a Hollywood film offer to play pro. golf,

is rated the world's longest driver for her size.

Dressed in matching shorts and sweaters, the Bauer sisters introduced "oomph" to the tournament circuit.

The sisters are often mistaken for twins, but are temperamental opposites.

Marlene, who is shy and retiring, plays chess and writes poetry. She does not appear to like boys, and seldom smiles as she goes about the serious business of playing golf.

Older sister Alice, on the other hand, is a jitter-bugging extrovert, who had 20 or more boy-friends a year before her marriage to Florida golf pro. Bob Hagge a few months ago.

Papa Bauer boasts proudly, "I will match the girls' chipping and putting against any man pro. in the country. In fact, on a nine-hole course of all par-three holes, I will bet on them against anybody you want to name."

Both girls have been attracting large galleries from their early teen-age days. They turned pro. together in 1950, when the U.S. Golf Association began to concern itself with the big expense money being paid the Bauer family by amateur tournament directors.

When she was a mere 14, Marlene hooked up with mighty Babe Zaharias in an open tournament. At first the Babe looked tolerantly at her tiny opponent. But at the 18th hole Babe and Marlene were tied with 73's.

Grimly they halved the 19th and 20th holes in a sudden-death play-off. On the 385yd. 21st Marlene dropped her second ball just two feet from the hole. Babe's ball wound up in a creek guarding the green. Marlene won the match one-up. Babe walked away in a daze.

"Eliminated by a baby," she muttered.



# No shirt does as much for you as an **ARROW!**



**ARROW "GAGE"** is a handsome new white shirt. It features a low-setting soft collar specially constructed for long wear, with stays to keep points in place. There's a choice of sleeve lengths for each neck size.



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**ARROW "DART"** uniquely answers the demand of men in business, men in the public eye, for a luxurious, impeccably tailored white shirt. DART has just everything you could ever want in a shirt—the non-wilt, Dart collar that lasts as long as the shirt itself, "Mitoga" body-tapered styling, smooth "Sanforized" fabric, precision stitched seams to resist puckering, and a choice of sleeve lengths for each neck size.

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## ARROW SHIRTS

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AT LEADING STORES AND MERCERS

PA120-CP



# How is your speech?

It was old Shakespeare who said that a voice "ever soft, gentle, and low" was "an excellent thing in woman."

HE could have added that it's an excellent thing in a man, too, although a good, loud, heroic tenor and a resonant rafter-shaking baritone certainly have their points.

Teenagers won't have realised their possibilities in this regard yet. Voices usually gather character and personality only as they get older, sadder, wiser, and more emotionally experienced.

Young voices seldom know how to be caressing or authoritative or anything else at will. The heads supported by the throats are usually too preoccupied with what they're saying, what they would like to say, and what they don't know how to say to give a second thought to how the voices sound.

This leaves the thorny problem of good speech.

Good speech that is also unaffected is, of course, the desired optimum. But what constitutes unaffected good speech?

It's difficult to generalise. Grammar comes into it, so does etiquette; so does environment; so does plain natural good manners as distinct from etiquette.

What's good speech among fellows on the football field isn't good speech in the mixed company of elders in the sitting-room.

And you can't always judge unaffected good speech by the way your elders speak.

You can't conclude that Aunt Mary's ultra-gentilities are the right thing simply because she's Aunt Mary and 40 years old. Uncle Jim's slangy rantings aren't necessarily any more acceptable. I'm not taking up any great stand against slang.

But injunctions to "turn blue," "drop dead," "take a pill," "get lost" imply rudeness.

Used to contemporaries, there's no great harm done, I suppose—although the rudeness remains—but used to elders they're impertinent.

THE swing-back to purely orchestral hits is emphasised again in a bracket on DO70040, with Victor Young and his orchestra in rich interpretations of "Ruby" and "Invitation," theme music from films of the same names—or almost. "Ruby" is from "Ruby Gentry," which has created such a stir in the States. I prefer "Invitation," mainly on account of the sophisticated piano solo by Ray Turner, but either makes romantic listening.

RODGERS and Hammerstein have such a knack of making their songs an integral part of a play that it's hard to judge them out of

And, of course, some slang is just plain vulgar.

Few elders object to slang simply because it's slang. If they're always pulling you up about it they are most likely protesting out of weariness of some particular slang phrase or phrases you're always using on all possible occasions, even when they don't fit.

In which case, you're at fault because you're repeating yourself like Poll the parrot. Ungraciousness is the cardinal speech sin. A typical example is: "That's all right," in reply to an apology.

To be acceptable at all, "That's all right" needs to be said clearly with an inflection that assures the apologisee it really is all right.



"What time does the old boy hit the sack?"

But young people usually mutter it over the shoulder in a grudging sort of way.

Often, I know, embarrassment causes the mutter. But at times like this you'll have to forget your embarrassment.

An apology implies a crisis in a relationship. The apology has cost the other person an effort—every apology does—and you'll have to concentrate on setting him at ease.

But a formula that could be added to whatever words you find to smooth the occasion is "It wasn't all your fault. I was to blame, too." This is true of nearly every quarrel or misunderstanding.

Almost more disagreeable

- Voices must be good-mannered
- Listen to the way you sound

than vulgar slang is affectation.

Not many young people err on the side of stilted speech. When they do, their friends can usually be relied on to laugh them out of it.

But there are an awful lot of vocabulary-snoobs who get drunk with their own word-power.

In this category is a girl who spoke of "the denizens of the faubourgs of Paris." She couldn't, apparently, break it down to "Paris suburbanites."

On the whole the snobs are more obnoxious conversationally than the slangy kids who ask, "Ay?" They certainly make bigger fools of themselves, because the big words they use instead of short, simple ones presuppose an ability to learn. They therefore can't be excused on the grounds that they don't know any better.

There are a whole series of expressions often used that are off-key.

Chief among them is "I don't mind if I do." Never use it. If you want the piece of cake offered to you, say "Thank you," and take it. If you don't want it, refuse with a "No, thank you."

It's a good idea to listen to how you sound to someone else, with these particular criticisms in mind:

- Do you repeat yourself? (Everyone does, but are you worse than most?)
- Does the way you use slang make you sound tough when you're not a bit? (Especially for boys, this one.)
- Do you mumble uncertainly so that no one could possibly hear what you say?

This is often from shyness or despair that anything you say could possibly be worth hearing, but you'll really have to train yourself to speak up.

- Do you prattle on excitedly about nothing? (Girls, this one.)

he's met Mr. Callaghan. The similarity is marked. It's a pert novelty and, once again, straight orchestra. George Melachrino takes the bow on EA4120, and you're bound to enjoy the coupling. "The Kiss," a sultry tango fit for a gauchito. I enjoyed it so much that I even managed a home-made tango partnered by a cushion!

AND so on with the dance to Victor Silvester's version of the tune made famous by Teresa Brewer, "Till I Waltz Again With You." The backing to DO3589 is "As Long As I Live." No tricks from Vic.

—BERNARD FLETCHER.

## DISC DIGEST

their context. Such is the case with Frank Sinatra's dual offering from "Carousell" on DO3586—"You'll Never Walk Alone" and "If I Loved You." No doubt they blend perfectly with the mood of this musical version of Molnar's "Liliom," having tender lyrics and wistful music, but on record they'll appeal principally to collectors of Sinatra or Rodgers.

"Carousell" is eight years old and has not yet been produced here.

★ ★ ★

ANOTHER disc to arrive in a fanfare of ballyhoo is "Little Red Monkey." I'll bet

# Prompt Relief from Coughing and Bronchial Congestion!



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## NYAL DECONGESTANT COUGH ELIXIR GIVES FASTER, MORE EFFECTIVE RELIEF

The three-way action of this dependable modern cough formulation "breaks up" even the heaviest congestion quickly. Contains Phenylephrine—a decongestant—to reduce swelling in the bronchial tubes, making breathing easier; Creosote—an internal antiseptic; Codeine—to stop irritating coughing; plus five active expectorants to cut away phlegm. Contains honey to soothe sore inflamed tissues of throat and chest. For the safe SURE treatment of coughs, bronchitis and stubborn bronchial congestion—

NYAL Decongestant Cough Elixir.  
6 oz. 5'6, Family Size (12 oz.) 9'6

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SPECIAL FORMULA FOR INFANTS TOO

This proven effective medicine is also available in a special form for infants and young children—NYAL Decongestant BABY Cough Elixir. Acts quickly. Brings soothing relief from constant coughing. Can safely be given to babies from six months.

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NYAL Baby Cough Syrup	2/9, 3/9
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NYAL Creosote	3/9, 6/3, 7/6
NYAL Cough Mixture	4/3
NYAL Honey Cough Elixir	3/6
NYAL Quinine Flu Mixture	4/9
NYAL Whooping Cough Syrup	3/6

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NYAL Calamine-Lunolin Cream	2/3
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NYAL Baby Soap	1/14
NYAL Baby Powder	2/3, 4/6





Get that little extra from your cooking  
with pure **Cream of Tartar**  
—here's how!

**Home-made Yeast**—Keep this recipe by you and you'll always have yeast when it's wanted.  
1 tablespoon Cream of Tartar, 1 tablespoon sugar, 1 tablespoon flour, warm water.  
Mix Cream of Tartar, sugar and flour to a smooth paste with a little warm water. Bottle in the morning and yeast will be ready for use at mid-day. Sufficient for about ten tin loaves of bread.

**Home-made Jams**—Make them as never before with 1 teaspoon of Cream of Tartar to each gallon of jam. Cream of Tartar prevents sugar crystallisation and improves keeping qualities immensely.

**Mashed Potatoes**—Feathery-light mashed potatoes, white as snow... it's easy with a pinch of Cream of Tartar.

**Stains on the Kitchen Linen?**  
Tea towels, tablecloths easily become discoloured with food stains. Get them white again with a tablespoon of Cream of Tartar to each saucepan of boiling water.

#### PRIZE AWARD

A Year's Free Supply of Self-Raising Flour and Baking Powder has been awarded to: Mrs. WATTS, Queens Road, Westmore, N.S.W.



BUY A 4 OZ. PACKET  
OF PURE  
CREAM OF TARTAR  
FROM YOUR  
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**Making Meringue?**—Then you'll be amazed at the difference if you add a 1/2 teaspoon of Cream of Tartar—and that goes for any "egg-white" recipe. Cream of Tartar gives body and firmness, prevents discolouration, ensures true whiteness and vastly improves flavour and volume.

**Meat that's "tough as old Harry"**—steak and kidney, beef stew, corned beef and poultry—tenderise them with a 1/2 teaspoon of Cream of Tartar.

**Ice Cream**—the family's favourite. Make it like the professionals with Cream of Tartar. Just a pinch—that's all it takes to prevent over-sweetness and sugar crystallisation.

**Eggs** are too costly to waste, so don't take chances during storage. Be sure of freshness by preserving with this recipe.

1 oz. Cream of Tartar, 2 ozs. salt, 1 lb. of fresh eggs, 6 quarts water.  
Place ingredients together and stir well. Let the mixture stand till quite cold, stirring well from time to time. Then place the eggs (unwashed) in carefully. It has been found that if the eggs are placed in the tin with the pointed end downwards the yolks will never be broken; also that eggs should not be put into preserve until they are 24 hours old. Springtime is best for preserving eggs.

## CAMELLIAS grow slowly but easily

### GARDENING



PROFESSOR E. G. WATERHOUSE, of Gordon, Sydney, raised this new japonica variety of camellia, named Janet Waterhouse after his wife. The camellia has a white flower with golden anthers. It took eight years to bloom from the time of sowing seed.

Camellias grown from seed take eight to 10 years to flower, but are easy to grow, given the right soil and position. They should be planted in a sheltered spot, because the delicate, waxy blooms are liable to be damaged if they are exposed to wind.

**THE** species has an interesting history. Native to China, India, and Japan, the first camellia plants were taken to Europe by a Moravian Jesuit priest, Father George Joseph Kamel, who later latinised his name to Camellus. Famous 18th century Swedish botanist Linnaeus, who classified and named all the then known plants, called the shrub after Camellus.

The family Camellia includes about 40 species of evergreen trees and shrubs, but plant breeders have raised many hybrids. Today there are 300 or more, singles and doubles.

All kinds prefer peaty soil, and most camellias thrive in warm, open loam, especially if leaf-mould and well-rotted manure are added. No variety will grow where there is lime in the soil.

The common Camellia japonica is hardy. It can withstand frost without suffering. It grows to a height of 30 to 40 ft. and so needs space.

Most other varieties, particularly the hybrids, are of shorter stature.

Attractive camellias can be grown in large tubs or pots and are not difficult to cultivate provided strict attention is paid to certain details, particularly watering. Dryness at the roots, particularly after the buds have set, is the main cause of bud dropping, a fairly common complaint in tub-grown shrubs.

To remedy the dryness the container should be immersed in water for some hours until the soil has been well soaked. Camellias that lose their buds out of doors also suffer from this trouble. The buds turn brown and fall without opening. Careful loosening of the soil and thorough saturation

will help make the plants healthy.

Most camellias come from nurserymen, who grow them in tins and pots. While transplanting the gardener may notice that the roots have become matted in the tin during early growth.

After transplanting such plants should be watered regularly until the roots have spread into the soil. This "balling" or matting of the roots should be regarded seriously and great care should be taken of the shrubs. Although the camellia roots should be kept in a moist state, good drainage is essential, because a sodden soil will cause trouble also. For potting, the soil should consist of turfy loam, peat, and leaf-mould, with some sharp sand.

The best time to repot and renovate the soil is immediately after flowering. This is

also a good time to thin out overcrowded shoots and cut back straggly growths.

For outdoor cultivation, good, well-drained soil is essential, otherwise the shrubs will grow very slowly. A mulch of leaf-mould or old cow manure helps maintain cool, moist conditions at the roots, and provides nutriment.

Camellias can be grown from seed, but because they take so long to mature few gardeners do so, unless they are trying to breed new varieties.

Leaf spots may follow injury by frost and wounds on the trunks and branches may be starting points for cankers. Great care should be taken not to injure the base of the trunks when digging or cultivating near camellias.

Scales of many kinds attack the shrubs. White oil spray should be used to kill red and black scale. Indian whitewax scale is more dangerous and

difficult to control. A stiff-bristled brush is recommended for this pest when the big waxy lumps are numerous. White oil will kill the baby wax scales if applied early, but the adults have to be brushed off.

A little sulphate of ammonia can be watered or worked into the soil (well away from the trunk) to force the camellias into new growth before they flower.

Young camellia plants may be transplanted to the open when they are about 10 to 12 inches tall.

There are many different types of camellias—singles, semi-doubles, open doubles, double-centred, informal doubles, full doubles, and formal doubles.

Some of the best singles are Ruth Kemp (deep pink), Spencer's Pink, Wark's Red Single, Yoibigin Alba (white), and Yoibigin (light pink). Good formal doubles are Alba Plena (white), Fimbriata (white), which needs semi-shade; Il Cigno (creamy-white), Otome (good pink), Rose Red, and Jean Lyne (light carmine).

Best full doubles are Alba Plena (white), Burnt Orchard (light rose), Contessa Tozzoni (pale rose), Fred Sander (cherry-red), Lady St. Clair (soft pink), Hellenor Rosea (rosy-red), and McConnell's (pink). The best open doubles are Grandiflora Alba (white), La Graciola (rose - carmine), Magnoliaeflora (pale pink), and Mathothiana Rubra (deep crimson).

Informal doubles are Aspasia (white-flaked carmine), Countess of Orkney (white-flaked rose), Daikagura (cherry-red, flaked white), Dr. King (crimson), Elegans (pink with white patches), Hikarugenji (pink, edged with white), and N.Z. Great Eastern (bright red).

Camellia sasanqua is a very attractive species. Varieties include singles and doubles in white, pink, and mauve.



### AUNT MARY'S FRUIT TRICORNES

**SHORTCRUST INGREDIENTS:** 10 ozs. Plain Flour (2 1/2 cups), 1 level teaspoon Aunt Mary's Baking Powder, pinch Salt, 1 level dessertspoon Sugar, 5 ozs. Shortening (margarine, butter or clarified fat), Milk.

**METHOD:** Sift flour, baking powder, and salt into basin. Rub in shortening evenly, add sugar. Gradually add enough milk to make a pliable, stiff dough. Knead on floured board. Roll out to 1/4" in thickness and cut into 4" or 5" shapes. Enough for 12 to 16 tricornes.

**Note:**—Milk is included in recipe to give elasticity—this ensures the pastry will not break when folding the corners over.

**FILLING:** Fill with whichever you prefer: Mixed fruit, brown sugar and lemon juice; OR Sliced apple and bananas, brown sugar and lemon juice; OR Any stewed or tinned fruit (well drained).

Fold over tricornes, glaze with milk and sprinkle with sugar. Bake in a very hot oven to a golden brown.

**TO SERVE:** Serve hot or cold with custard, cream or ice cream and your favourite sauce.

**AUNT MARY'S**  
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FOR THOSE WHOSE MEDICAL ADVICE REQUIRES A NO-SALT OR NO-SODIUM DIET THERE IS AVAILABLE A SPECIALLY PREPARED BAKING POWDER MANUFACTURED BY TILBROCK & CO., 549 KENT STREET, SYDNEY. PHONE M4211. WRITE OR PHONE TO-DAY.



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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — September 2, 1953

Page 17





Here's the sensational NEW Germicidal disinfectant cleaner especially compounded for universal home use in every job of cleansing, disinfecting and destroying unpleasant odours. In the kitchen, laundry, and bathroom, it cuts and abrasions, first-aid germicidal for cuts and abrasions, "S.D.C." cleanses, disinfects and entirely kills unpleasant odours, leaving the area germ-free and sweet-smelling. "S.D.C." is economical, too. Just a small quantity in water is all that is required. Ask your store for

**S. D. C.**  
Disinfectant Cleaner  
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Windows, mirrors, and all glass or chrome plated surfaces are quickly cleaned to a sparkling brightness. Simply wipe with "KWIT" Detergent Window Cleaner on a damp cloth. Dirt, grease and grime of all kinds is quickly whisked away and the job is finished by polishing with a soft dry cloth.

Order a bottle of "KWIT" Detergent Window Cleaner from your store 3/- per box. Slightly dearer in the country.

Don't use any watery dishwasher—use only "KWIT," the ORIGINAL CONCENTRATED DETERGENT approved by the Housewives Assoc. of N.S.W. in the BIG 20oz. bottle for 3/7½ (slightly dearer in the country.)

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# When does every mother matter most?

How much harm is suffered by a baby when he is separated from his mother or foster mother? This was the question posed by Dr. Alau Jennings in a paper presented at the Child Health Seminar, held in Sydney under the auspices of the World Health Organisation and attended by 61 delegates from 17 countries.

They discussed problems arising out of the central topic: Mental health in children under six years of age.

This article is based on Dr. Jennings' paper.

**INVESTIGATIONS** and surveys indicate that infants and children deprived of adequate maternal care usually suffer in their physical and emotional development.

The degree of harm done to a child depends on the age at which the separation occurs, on mitigating factors, on how long the separation lasts, and on the child's emotional development at the time.

(In each case in this article "mother" means the natural mother or the person a child depends on for maternal care.)

Separation from the mother for a long period in the first years of life is a prime cause of faulty character development which results in delinquents and people who are apparently incapable of love or remorse.

Prolonged separation causes suffering in all children under three years old; in many children between three and five; and in a few over five.

#### Progress ceases

**INFANTS** in their first half-year of life, separated from their mother and left with only routine feeding and cleaning, become listless, immobile, and emaciated.

They sleep poorly, lose their sucking habits, and have an increased susceptibility to illness.

This is not seen in the first few weeks of life, when physical care alone seems to be adequate, but later it occurs in varying degrees.

In the most severe reactions, the child's development is retarded, but infants respond well to a mother substitute during separation.

By the second half of a baby's first year, he has learned to recognise his mother as an individual. If separated from her, his first reaction is to

become apprehensive and to cry.

This may be followed by severe depression. The baby fails to develop, loses his acquired functions, and rejects his environment.

A temporary mother substitute can help him a great deal; so do allowing plenty of activity and giving him plenty of attention.

Provided the separation is not too prolonged, the baby recovers quickly on return to his mother.

Separation in the second and third year can be tolerated for a short period. However, the child's reaction is usually just as severe as in the first year and is accentuated because he tends to reject anyone who tries to take his mother's place.

The child of three is selfish and wants his own way. Unless there has been some interference with his relationship with his mother, his dependence on her as an individual is at its maximum.

Even the most skilled people admit their inability to help a child of this age in this situation.

On separation from his mother, the three-year-old may be first confused and anxious. He weeps, refuses food, calls for his mother, and may stand violently shaking the cot.

After a few hours or days, this changes to despair. He may become withdrawn, apathetic, and depressed. Physical activity is reduced and he makes few demands on those looking after him.

Often, this quietness is misinterpreted as "settling in."

Later he may seem to recover and show more interest in his surroundings. He will look for comfort from people other than his mother. He may be able to adopt a substitute and build up a relationship with this person.



**DISTINGUISHED** pediatrician Dr. Daw Popo (left), of Burma, with Dr. Alan Jennings at Sydney University, site of the Child Health Seminar.

Unless he finds a substitute he will show little feeling, even if his parents visit him. In fact, he will show no real feeling for anyone. He is in a state of "frozen emotion."

If the child returns home after a few weeks, the "unfreezing" shows up as a confusion of hate and love—the demanding behaviour of an insecure child.

But, with understanding and tolerant help, he will settle down again happily.

If the "unfreezing" is met by hostility, the child may freeze still further in an endeavor to protect himself emotionally.

If the separation continues and the state of frozen emotion persists, it may lead eventually to a character defect, with the child unable to respond to or reciprocate affection, although he may crave it.

While separation may still be serious in the four-year-old groups, children of this age are not so vulnerable because they can have the situation explained to them.

Five-year-olds and over might be homesick after separation. They might show poor concentration and vagueness, but they are better able to suspend relations with parents and take them up again on their return.

**THE** reactions described above have these causes:

During the first six months of his life, a baby is establishing a relationship with one person—usually his mother—and learning to differentiate himself from her. At this time, when he hasn't clearly identified this person, adequate and consistent care from a substitute overcomes the effects of separation.

In the second half of the first year the baby's anxiety

at losing his mother is followed by feelings of aggression.

Some substitute relationship can help him, but, if he is left, his aggressive feelings grow to consume him.

In the second and third years, with the child at peak of dependence on his mother as an individual, separation causes first craving and anxiety, with hostility towards the world.

His despair becomes intolerable and apparently emotional blunting develops.

If he returns home, his hostility is expressed in demanding behaviour until the relationship is re-established. If the state of frozen emotion becomes established, the affectionless character develops.

Greater responsibility to a child falls on parents in Western industrialised communities, where the family tends to be a small, isolated unit.

Rural families are in better case because they usually have many relatives to help if the mother is incapacitated, if the child is deserted, if he has to go to hospital, or if his parents are separated.

#### Home is best

**A** BAD home is better than no home. In cases of domestic emergency, it is better to have a housekeeper or relative managing the home rather than send the children to an institution.

When a child goes to a foster home, some contact with his parents is recommended rather than a clean cut which compels him to start afresh abruptly.

When a substitute family is required—as with an illegitimate child whose mother is unable to care for him—early adoption is recommended.

The hospitalisation of young children should not be undertaken lightly.

If a child has to be removed from home for medical or social reasons, as much as possible should be done to mitigate the harmful effects.

In Western countries there is a move towards providing accommodation for mothers of young children admitted to hospital.

When a child is older, his mother should be encouraged to see him to his bed and then visit him often and perhaps do some of the nursing instead of the present confused farewell at the admission department and the subsequent rush visit.

## Readers' opinion poll

**WE** are more than pleased with the friendly interest readers are taking in our Opinion Poll.

Hundreds of letters have already been dissected and every shade of opinion expressed has been carefully graded. It is already apparent that the result will be an extremely valuable guide.

The poll will close soon, and

so that it will truly reflect the likes and dislikes of our readers, we look forward to having the maximum number of viewpoints. If you have not already written a letter discussing what you consider the merits and demerits of our various features, there is still time to do so.

Tell us what you like best, and what you like least—and why. If you feel we are over-catering in some departments and under-catering in others,

let us know. Many readers have discussed in turn every feature in The Australian Women's Weekly. Others have simply cast a vote for and against various aspects of the paper.

It doesn't matter whether your letter is short or long. Whatever you say may have an influence in shaping our future policy.

Address your letter to "Readers' Opinion," Box 4098 WW, G.P.O., Sydney.



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Selected from Grace Bros., "Furniture Galleries," Broadway, Sydney.

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NEW TUBE  
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New chair by Murray's in tubular steel with indestructible baked enamel, finished in iridescent red, green, blue, mauve or black, and luxuriously upholstered in "Vynex." Available singly or in kitchen and breakfast room settings.



Because this is quality furniture, "Vynex" was chosen for all coverings. Chosen for quality, chosen for economy, chosen for durability, style and colour.  
So easy to clean and stays clean, "Vynex" wears and wears AND wears.

**THE NAMCO  
"SUPACHROME"  
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Superbly designed with special lifetime "supachrome" finish. Upholstered in stain-resisting "Vynex" in a range of gay kitchen colours. Available singly or in kitchen and breakfast room settings.



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TAG  
ON THIS AND OTHER FINE  
FURNITURE... NOW ON  
SHOW AT ALL LEADING  
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**MARCUS CLARK'S "ELMER"  
3 PIECE CONTEMPORARY  
LOUNGE SETTING**

Beautifully constructed, with natural honey coloured timbers. The covering, of course, is "Vynex," the luxury look in plastic upholstery, and you can choose your own colours, discreet or gay. The seats are well sprung, and padded, as are the backs. The shaped buttoned back is at the right height for comfort, and the price only £58/17/6.

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**VIM gives twice the shine  
in half the time!**

This cleanser was developed in England where murky days and open fires make things really grimy. And Vim is far and away England's most popular cleanser. You'll find it the fastest dirt-chaser ever. A sprinkle, a rub, a rinse and porcelain and tiles gleam like new... pots and pans sparkle. Why work and slave with old-fashioned cleansers? Get modern Vim—in the new handy canister.



**In a Modern  
Moisture-Proof,  
Long-Lasting Canister**

THE MODERN CLEANSER FOR BATHS, SINKS, PANS, STOVES, PAINT-WORK ETC.

Vm 27.WW143c



MODEL PATIENT, which can be dressed, washed, or given injections, is carried into camp dressing station by Royal Australian Army Nursing Corps Privates Wendy Godfrey, Dorothy Hains, Fae Chaffer, and June Cooper. The model is called "Mrs. Bedford."

## Girls in training as Army nurses

By HELEN FRIZELL, staff reporter

Sixty-six girls made history by quitting office and factory jobs to spend a fortnight under canvas at Singleton Army Camp.

AS first peacetime women members of the Citizen Military Forces in New South Wales, the girls were doing annual service with Number 3 Company of the Royal Australian Army Nursing Corps (R.A.A.N.C.).

Soon after their arrival, staff photographer Adelle Hurley and I joined them in camp.

The scene was a familiar one. There were tent-lines, rectangular army huts, an orderly room outside which white stones were arranged to read "3 Co., R.A.A.N.C.," and a parade ground.

But down the road which led to the parade ground, a squad of girls came marching, wearing an unfamiliar uniform—dark grey goggle-frocks buttoned from neck to hem, black berets, lisle stockings, and black shoes.

Hanging in tents were the uniforms which the general public may have termed glamorous—grey worsted suits, ties, blue-grey shirts, and grey hats.

From Major Hazel Lorking, Officer Commanding the unit, I heard about the work of Number 3 Company, R.A.A.N.C., formed only last November.

It was then that Major Lorking and Honorary Colonel Constance Fall, R.R.C. (Royal Red Cross), began interviewing prospective recruits between the ages of 18 and 30, who were single or widowed.

Those chosen swore service for two years, during which time they attend weekly parades at Victoria Barracks,

enter camp for a fortnight annually, and are trained in nursing duties and army procedure.

The R.A.A.N.C. combines the functions of the wartime Australian Army Nursing Service (A.A.N.S.) and of the Australian Army Medical Women's Service (A.A.M.W.S.).

In the R.A.A.N.C., qualified nursing sisters hold commissions, N.C.O.'s being chosen from the ranks.

At the same time Companies were formed in all other

States, and Queensland members have already done their camp duties.

Matron in Chief, Colonel E. J. Bowe, is head of the R.A.A.N.C. in Australia.

Should an emergency or war occur, girls trained in the R.A.A.N.C. are prepared to give full service.

At Singleton Camp they were helping to staff the Camp Dressing Station (C.D.S.), which has 30 beds, and were working in the Preliminary Training School (P.T.S.).

Already, I found, the girls were spattering conversations with initials of army units, and were accustomed to think in terms of army time, rising at 0630 (6.30 a.m.).

Whenever there was a free moment between lectures on anatomy, hygiene, history of nursing, ward administration, and first-aid, or between drill, scrubbing wards, and physical jerks, I talked to the girls.

Among them was Pte. Joan Reay, 27, of Merrylands, a telephonist in civil life.

Joan and four friends—Stella Green, Mancel McRobert, Jennifer Shields, and Thelma Foord—previously belonged to Post Office Detachments of the V.A. They joined the R.A.A.N.C. together, and were all at Singleton.

Junior laboratory assistant with C.S.I.R.O. Fisheries at Cronulla, Pte. Margaret Fulton enjoyed drill as well as nursing instruction, but said she "still feels embarrassed when saluting an officer."

Pte. Beryl Dwyer, 32, of Coogee, enlisted not only because she was interested in nursing, but because she wished to be part of the service again. She served in the W.A.A.F. in World War II.

War-time memories, too, were revived for Major Lorking, now Sister in Charge of a Thoracic Unit at Royal North Shore Hospital, but previously with 119 A.G.H. at Darwin, and with 2/7 A.G.H. in New Guinea.



KITBAG on shoulder, Pte. Eleanor Vest (21), of Concord, arrives in camp. She wears "walking-out" uniform. Nurses are also issued with leather suitcases.





**THROUGH A WINDOW** Major Hazel Lorking, Officer Commanding No. 3 Company, R.A.A.N.C., watches nurses playing softball in a recreation period. On her beret Major Lorking wears the Corps' badge—the lamp of Florence Nightingale.



**NO DUST.** Pte. Fan Chaffer uses hot water, soap, and mop on ward floor while Pte. Mavis Wathen and Pte. Eunice Hill rub windows till they sparkle. Nurses were "setting up" a ward. They staffed the camp dressing station, but had few real patients.

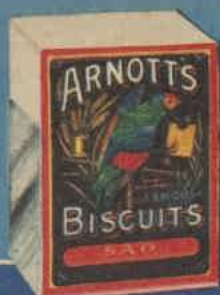


**HOW TO TIE A SLING** is demonstrated by Privates Pamela Munn and Dorothy Glynn on the arm of Cadet Barry Cole, 14, of Sutherland Intermediate High School, at the C.M.F. camp at Singleton, N.S.W. Four thousand school cadets were also in the camp.



**APRICOTS AND CUSTARD** dessert at lunchtime for (from left) Privates Jennifer Quelch, Dorothy Brereton, Bonnie Cross, and Ann Cockburn. Food, which the girls said was good, was prepared by Army cooks, who catered for big appetites.





# Arnott's

*famous*  
**Biscuits**



LAWN TENNIS SODA  
96



S.A.O. (REGD.)  
87



CHEESE (SMALL)  
168



ADORA  
CREAM WAFER  
86



DELTA  
33



THIN CAPTAIN  
76



JATZ CRACKER  
100



VO VO (ICED)  
34



CHERRY RIPE  
34



ORANGE SLICE  
34



MONTE CARLO  
24



CREAMY CHOCOLATE  
22



CUSTARD CREAM  
38



CHOCOLATE MONTE  
33



RASPBERRY FRUIT CREAM  
28



SPICY FRUIT ROLL  
27



ARNELLA CRUNCH  
44



GINGER NUT  
34



COCONUT  
36

NUMBERS AFTER NAMES OF BISCUITS INDICATE  
APPROXIMATE NUMBER PER POUND





ARNO SHORTBREAD  
30



BUTTER OAT CAKE  
45



CURRANT LUNCHEON  
29



NICE  
19



MILK COFFEE  
48



AFTERNOON TEA  
66



PRINCESS  
54



SCOTCH SHORTBREAD FINGER  
72



MILK ARROWROOT  
55



ORANGE TEA  
48



CHIQUILIN  
52



OSBORNE  
51



LACTO MALTED MILK  
72



SHREDDED WHEATMEAL  
46



GOLDEN GRAIN  
52



TEA CAKE  
58

*There is no Substitute for Quality*



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## Prevents "wind" pains

After each feeding, NYAL Milk of Magnesia is the ideal preventive for "wind" pains and acidity in infants. Its gentle laxative action ensures regular habits, too. Pleasant to take. Pure and safe for even the youngest baby. Sweetened or Regular.

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NYAL MILK OF MAGNESIA



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The three-way action of NYAL Decongestant Cough Elixir—the dependable modern cough formulation—"breaks up" even the heaviest congestion quickly. Reduces swelling in the bronchial tubes, making breathing easier; stops irritating coughing; cuts away phlegm; soothes sore, inflamed tissues of throat and chest.

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## Stops chafing

NYAL Baby Powder brings soothing, cooling comfort for baby's sensitive skin. Contains an ingredient which resists moisture, lessens the chance of wet nappies chafing baby's tender skin. Make this simple test—rub NYAL Baby Powder on to the back of the hand; drop one or two drops of water on to the powder—see how it runs off. Two

2/3, 4/6  
NYAL BABY POWDER



Sold only by Chemists

## NYAL FIGSEN

### ASK FOR THESE OTHER DEPENDABLE NYAL PRODUCTS

FIRST AID NEEDS	
NYAL Aspirin Powder	3/6
NYAL Aspirin-Gelatin Tablets	2/3
NYAL Cold Remedy	2/3
NYAL Cough Drops	2/3
NYAL Emulsified Liquid Paraffin	4/6
NYAL Eye Drops (Decongestant)	4/6
NYAL Eucalypt	5/6
NYAL Eye Lotion (with Plastic Eye)	3/6
NYAL Vitamin and Mineral	6/6, 11/6
NYAL Vitamin Children's Tonic	5/6
NYAL Compound Ice	2/6
NYAL Halalene Dental Plaster	2/6
NYAL Powder	2/6, 4/3
NYAL Rheumatism (Dental Plate)	3/6
NYAL Cream	3/6
WINTER MEDICINES	
NYAL Children's Pain	2/6
NYAL Cold Sore Cream	2/3
NYAL Cold Sore Lotion	2/3
NYAL Cold Sore Ointment	2/3
NYAL Cold Sore Syringe	2/3
NYAL Cold Sore Tablets	2/3
NYAL Cold Sore Tincture	2/3
NYAL Cold Sore Vaseline	2/3
NYAL Cold Sore Wax	2/3
NYAL Cold Sore Zink	2/3
FOR COUGHS, COLDS & FLU	
NYAL Baby Cough Syrup	2/6, 3/6
NYAL Bronchitis Mixture	2/6, 4/3
NYAL Children's Cough	2/6, 3/6
NYAL Coughs	2/6, 4/3, 7/6
NYAL Cough Mixture	4/3
NYAL Cough Syrup	2/6
NYAL Cough Syringe	4/6
NYAL Cough Tablets	2/6
NYAL Cough Tincture	2/6
NYAL Cough Vaseline	2/6
NYAL Cough Wax	2/6
NYAL Cough Zink	2/6
BABY NEEDS	
NYAL Lotion-Liniment Cream	2/3
NYAL Soothing Syrup	2/6
NYAL Teething Powders	2/6
NYAL Teething Syrup	2/6
NYAL Teething Tablets	2/6
NYAL Teething Tincture	2/6
NYAL Teething Vaseline	2/6
NYAL Teething Wax	2/6
NYAL Teething Zink	2/6

MOTHER



"And since when have your school projects included comics?"

BUTCH



"We repeat. The bank robber is wearing a grey suit, tan cap, brown shoes, and a blue striped tie."

# It seems to me

IN a lecture at Melbourne University last week Dr. I. Clunies Ross said that educated Australians seemed to have nothing in common except sport and politics.

The subject of his lecture was "Is Liberal Education Doomed?" He said that educated men were disappearing and being replaced by specialists in various fields.

"There is perhaps no more heart-rending sight than a dinner-party of prominent citizens struggling to find some common topic of conversation other than the weather, sport, politics, or the business cycle," he remarked.

Dr. Clunies Ross was doubtless referring to all-male dinner parties. At mixed gatherings the sight is not nearly so heart-rending, because women are so well trained in listening to things they do not understand or care about.

Never having been really skilful at light, social conversation with strangers, I discovered early that the alternative was to ask questions.

Something on the lines of "Do you think the country is going to the dogs?" will set any businessman off on a 15-minute tirade.

Once, stuck beside an aeronautical engineer at a party, I indicated that I really wasn't clear on what was a turbo-prop engine.

Immediately he grabbed a holder full of paper table napkins from the buffet and proceeded to draw diagrams. It lasted all evening.

Of course that kind of thing isn't what Dr. Clunies Ross means by conversation, but you can always go on thinking about something else.



Dorothy Drain

THE Kinsey report on females, following the report on males, has produced some highly interesting information. (Sorry, don't expect too much of this paragraph.)

And among the most interesting was the statement made by Dr. Kinsey after he finished his research.

"Females," he said, "are not any greater liars than men. Neither in exaggeration nor cover-up can we determine any measurable difference."

Dr. Kinsey stresses that all his findings apply specifically to Americans, but adds that they "might apply to groups outside the U.S."

It is comforting to assume that this particular shattering pronouncement is of general application, and not just a facet of the American way of life.

It appears to settle an age-old argument.

On the one hand we have had the male conviction that women are the masters of the small fib, the evasion, the deliberately incorrect steer.

On the other was the Biblical "All men are liars" (and don't bother me with quibbles about whether men in that context referred to males or mankind).

Now Dr. Kinsey has settled it in a way that cannot fail to give satisfaction to all concerned. "Females are not any greater liars than men" is the kind of statement that should eventually find its way into the quotation books and the desk calendars.

A MOTHER of a small boy was telling me the other day that she hates all this talk of space ships, rockets, visits to the moon, and what not.

"Are you afraid," I asked sympathetically, "that the boy will grow up to be a rocket pilot?"

"Oh, no," she replied. "I haven't thought so far ahead. It's the questions he's beginning to ask. I hate everything to do with space ships and astronomy, and men from Mars. I simply don't grasp anything about it. Another mother told me just to say, 'Five hundred thousand light miles,' whenever he asks anything, but I don't know how much longer that will work."

A CONFERENCE of private detectives in Kentucky, U.S.A., has deplored the distorted portrayals of their profession in fiction, radio, and on the screen. Said the president of their association: "Private investigators do their jobs without the help of blondes on their laps or whisky bottles on their hips."

With a blonde on his lap and a bottle of rye And a gun on his desk he's ready to die, But he never does, though he's always high. Oh, he gets his man, does the Private Eye.

And must we accept that it's all a lie, That he's really a commonplace kind of guy? No blondes? No whisky? They all deny That life is gay for a Private Eye.

I am writing a book on a Private Eye Who has to be stone-cold sober to pry, Who carries no gun and of girls is shy. It's authentic and clean—but it's awfully dry.





Can a fabric get wet but feel dry?



**Yes!** This is one of the wonders of wool.

You and your children will be *safer* in wool — you'll be dry and warm even on cold, wet days. For wool can absorb up to 30% of its weight in moisture before it becomes really damp. This is because moisture is kept in suspension within the fibres of the fabric. It means you are protected from the discomfort and bad effects of a chilly wind on cold wet skin. Nature has given wool — and wool only — this amazing property. Wool keeps the sheep dry and warm in any weather. It will keep you dry and warm too. Make sure you and your family have plenty of wool clothes for every season of the year. There is nothing like wool. No other fibre has all its advantages. There is no substitute for wool.

*THE SEVEN WONDERS OF WOOL — 1. Wool insulates: keeps you warm in winter, cool in summer. 2. Wool absorbs moisture: protects you from chills. 3. Wool wears longer: looks smarter longer too. 4. Wool keeps its shape: resists wrinkling. 5. Wool tailors wonderfully: it cuts, makes up, drapes to perfection. 6. Wool holds its colour: it dyes beautifully, makes colour live. 7. Wool is flame-resistant: it does not support flame, won't flare up. — ONLY WOOL HAS ALL SEVEN*

*Inserted by The Australian Wool Bureau.*



# Queen Salote hides shyness behind her smiles

Picturesque Queen Salote of Tonga, who became the darling of the London crowds when she drove rain-drenched, smiling, and waving through the streets to the Coronation of Queen Elizabeth, is really a shy and retiring woman.

**H**OMEWARD bound to Tonga, Queen Salote travelled as far as Sydney in the Orontes, visiting each Australian capital on the way, but not many Australians saw her.

Even the passengers in the Orontes had only brief glimpses of the Queen. Her public appearances on board were confined to prize-giving nights when she presented the prizes.

For exercise she would walk round the deck at about 9 o'clock at night and she took all her meals in her cabin.

Her cabin steward, Mr. W.

Fuller, handed all meals in at the door to the Queen's maid.

"For a big woman she has the smallest appetite," Mr. Fuller told Win Bisset, The Australian Women's Weekly representative in Perth.

"She had hardly any breakfast, perhaps a biscuit and a cup of tea for lunch, and a small dinner at night," he explained.

In both Perth and Adelaide Queen Salote posed briefly and quite happily for photographers, but relegated all interviews to Mrs. J. E. Windrum, wife

of the British Consul in Tonga, who was travelling with her.

In spite of her shy avoidance of interviews, there seems to be so much friendliness in this Pacific Island Queen that she has to be large to hold it all.

Queen Salote is six feet three inches tall and weighs 20 stone, but in her neat frock and well-tailored overcoat she is graceful and majestic.

Before arrival in Perth Queen Salote had sent word that she wanted no fuss made of her arrival, and even the quiet informal meeting with official visitors in the ship's

private dining-room seemed an effort for her.

Mrs. Windrum, who has lived in Tonga for four years, said that the Queen very rarely attended social gatherings there, only on very formal occasions.

"She is a very nice person to be with," added Mrs. Windrum.

Also travelling with Queen Salote was H.R.H. Princess Mataaho, wife of Crown Prince Tungi, the Queen's elder son.

Princess Mataaho, who was educated at St. Mary's, Auckland, does a great deal of entertaining on behalf of her mother-in-law.

In Adelaide the Queen attended a large Government House party, where she was photographed with the Governor, Sir Robert George, Lady George, and their house guests and attendants.

Then she posed with koalas brought by Mr. Keith Minchin, of the Koala Park, and formality went to the winds as amateur photographers in the party scrambled for their cameras.

During a lull in the photographing the Queen flashed a smile at Freda Young, The Australian Women's Weekly Adelaide representative, and said in a soft voice, "How do you do?"

"She made you think that Captain Cook had something when he named her kingdom of 200 coral islands 'The Friendly Islands,'" Freda Young commented.

Tonga will turn things on in style for Queen Elizabeth and the Duke of Edinburgh when they arrive there on December 20.

The Royal couple's original



**SMILING WARMLY**, Queen Salote of Tonga poses with a koala at Government House, Adelaide. She passed through Adelaide on her way home from the Coronation.



**LADY GEORGE**, wife of the Governor of South Australia, Sir Robert George, and her son, Torquil, with Queen Salote at the party given at Government House, Adelaide, in the Queen's honor. The Queen's daughter-in-law, Princess Mataaho, was also at the party.

plans included only a three hours' stay there, but Queen Salote was able to persuade them to stay for an extra three, provided it did not affect their time of arrival in Auckland.

Garlanded Tongans will greet the Royal yacht at the wharf and the Queen and the Duke will then be driven to a service in the very large new Methodist Church.

After the service there will

be a ceremonial drive through the town under decorated arches, followed by a mammoth Tongan feast in the palace grounds. Then Queen Elizabeth will receive visitors of State in the palace.

The Royal couple's stay will be brought to a close with singing and music. As Queen Salote is a strict Methodist, there will be no dancing because December 20 is a Sunday.

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QUEEN ELIZABETH, wearing a grey coat-dress and green eggshell feathered hat, arrives with the Duke of Edinburgh at Ascot. The Queen pays particular attention to hats in her wardrobe for public appearances because her face draws all eyes. Her shoes must be comfortable as well as smart because her official duties necessitate hours of standing and walking.

## The Queen shortens skirts in tour wardrobe

By ANNE MATHESON, of our London staff

Dior's new short skirt set a fashion problem for the Queen, who is now choosing her clothes for her forthcoming tour of Australia and New Zealand.

She has decided to wear the new silhouette with a shorter skirt for formal occasions on the tour. "The length will be just above mid-calf," one of her couturiers said.

DESIGNS were submitted to the Queen at Balmoral, and the Duke of Edinburgh went through them with her, making suggestions.

The problem was not only that of every fashion-conscious woman — whether to adopt short skirts, and just how short to wear them—but to choose clothes that would look absolutely right and survive the fashion changes of two seasons as well.

The Queen's tour will last seven months and will take her from the sophisticated playground of Bermuda to the more formal atmosphere of New Zealand, the variable weather in Australia, the heat of tropical Colombo, and the sweltering weather of Uganda before the final voyage home in the Royal yacht.

This was the problem of varying climates which Norman Hartnell, Hardy Amies, and Miss Ford, the Royal couturiers, faced.

Its solution has produced the biggest Royal order their workrooms have ever handled.

As always, the Duke is taking a very personal interest in what his wife will wear. He has a distinct preference for simple, elegant clothes, and thoroughly approves the new line with a slightly shorter skirt—but nothing extreme.

One dress redesigned by the Duke was ballerina length, but will now be a full-length evening dress for less formal occasions.

At her husband's suggestion,

the Queen also decided to wear the new three-quarter-length sleeves.

These will be particularly effective with some of her lovely bracelets, particularly a ruby, sapphire, and diamond one which the Duke gave her on her last birthday.

He designed it himself and took the drawings to Boucheron, famous London jeweller.

It has the initials E and P linked in precious stones, with a naval crown worked into the design.

It is a favorite bracelet of the Queen, and she wears it as a piece of costume jewellery.

[On pages 28 and 29 of this issue the new Dior line in clothes is illustrated and explained.]

The Queen has chosen many white dresses. For the tropics she has many lovely sheers in some of the new shades of cranberry-pink, pale cognac, and the new cafe-creme.

### Matching parasols

A PRETTY and delightfully feminine touch are the parasols she is having made of material to match many of her frocks.

The Queen prefers small hats to cartwheels, but her beautiful English skin will need protection from the strong sunshine. So when Hardy Amies suggested parasols, the Queen was delighted.

Some are in coin-spotted shantung, the spot picking up the color of the dress. Others are in rich chiffon, lace-trimmed to match her delicate

lace and chiffon garden party dresses.

French modiste Claud St. Cyr is designing some of the hats the Queen will wear. These are all light, small, and close-fitting, very youthful and smart in their untrimmed simplicity.

Aage Thaarup and Kate Day are also making hats for the tour.

Hats will be an extremely important item in the tour wardrobe. The Queen's face and her radiant smile draw all eyes away from her clothes, and her hats are perhaps the most noticed features of her ensembles.

Close-ups in television films rushed back to England, Canada, and the United States will catch every hat detail. For this reason, the Queen likes to have as many as she can conveniently travel with.

The Queen's favorite sandals with a medium heel and occasionally a modified platform sole to give her height are being made in various colors and fabrics, often to match dresses.

Edward Rayne, well known to Australians, has submitted many sketches of shoes all designed for comfort and coolness.

On such a long and arduous tour the Queen cannot afford to follow the dictates of foot-wear fashion too closely. Her heels are never exaggeratedly high, and she prefers a soft, stranded sandal to covered-up shoes.

While on holiday at Balmoral the Queen is trying out a whole new series of lotions and creams for out-of-doors.

The Queen likes to spend as

much time as possible in the open air, but she has a very sensitive—almost transparent—skin.

Her beauty expert has been asked to recommend a good anti-sunburn lotion and a good hand cream to cover up the effects of the sun when she has to make formal appearances after a day's swimming, riding, or fishing.

The Queen remembers her consternation on the day of her Coronation to find that the sunburn she acquired at Balmoral on her fishing holiday, just before, had not worn off.

She tried several lotions, but eventually had to resort to a light white hand and arm make-up.

### Light make-up

AS she likes her appearance to be natural, the Queen does not care for heavy cosmetics, and a specially light make-up will be her only concession to the stronger sunlight of the countries she will visit on her tour.

The heavy make-up of Coronation Day was necessary because of the strong lighting in the Abbey.

The Queen is wearing her hair a little shorter and will take her hairdresser with her on board the Gothic—not Emile, but a member of his staff.

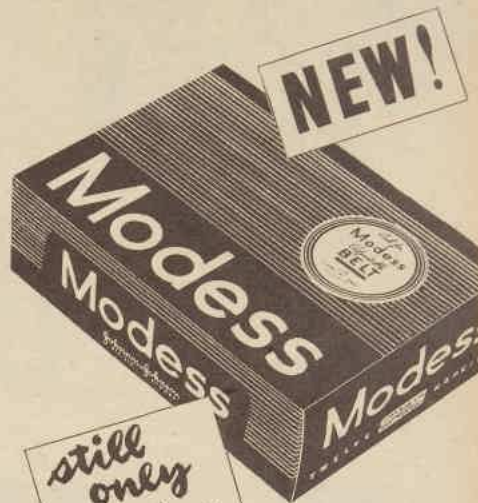
The Queen's hair is naturally curly, but it stays in place better if it is lightly permed.

Most important complement to the Royal wardrobe will be the book of sketches with accessories—and hats designed for wearing with each new dress clearly shown.

Miss Macdonald, the Queen's maid ("Bobo"), keeps the key to the book which lists the Queen's wardrobe.

Each gown and all its accessories will be packed together so that on two or three-day visits only a section of the wardrobe will go with her, the remainder remaining in trunks in Gothic, or wherever the Queen is staying.

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# THE DIOR LOOK

Here are striking Paris models representative of the sensational Dior collection featuring the new short skirtline.

THE latest Look which Christian Dior presented at his recent autumn fashion show in Paris is audacious but not inclegant.

It is his second revolutionary daytime silhouette in five years.

In 1947 Dior rocked the world with his New Look fashion — nipped-in waist and wide skirt stopping just above the ankle. In recent seasons his skirtline has been 13 inches from the ground.

Today his new coat silhouette is wide, loose, short, and rounded. He calls it "Globe." His dress silhouette he names "Cupole."

It shows a smooth, tailored diaphragm with

fullness rounded over the hips and bosom and a skirt bellling to the hem.

Padding is used at bosom and hips, and canvas at the hemline.

Dior's current skirtline just covers the knees.



VELVET helmet trimmed with ear-muff leaves (above) gives a "twenties" feeling to a black satin bare-top after-dark dress.



SPECTACULAR globe-shaped coat (left) made in luscious raspberry-red velvet. An equator belt helps hold out the fullness. Dior calls this coat "Framboise."

SHORT evening dress (above) embodies the high fashion points of the Cupole-line — rounded bosom and hips, no break at the waist, and bellling skirt.



DIOR calls his street dress and jacket (above left and right) "Sabine." The ensemble is made in a silk and wool alpaca-like fabric. The fabric has a springiness which helps to stand out the pleats on skirt and jacket. At the top of each pleat is a tiny dart, to help achieve a rounded, belled-out line. The fullness is controlled by wide self bands. A tiny saucer-like beanie is worn to one side.





# Models in sensational collection



ANOTHER version of the Cupole-line is seen in the white satin topless evening dress (above). The model is worn with a matching hug-me-tight stole. The short-cut skirt has a bustle and a wide bow.



PINK and aqua-marine coats (above) both feature Dior's new short-cut fullness. Both are belted low. Note black accessories.



RED SATIN cocktail dress (above) embroidered in royal-blue sequins has a wide, loose-falling red satin coat with a royal-blue quilted lining. The narrow pointed court shoes are a Dior feature.



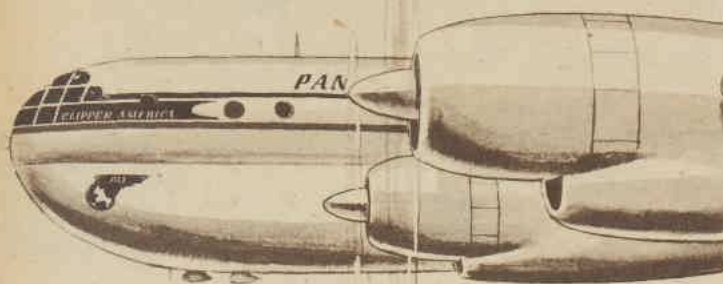
BARE-TOPPED floral evening dress (left) is designed with a looped-under hemline. The model shows Dior's Cupole skirt-line at its shortest.



CUPOLE-LINE again for the blue tweed dress and matching jacket (right), designed for the cocktail hour. The hemline is held out with a band of canvas.



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# Worth Reporting

**V**ISITING American schoolboy Jimmy Hunt, the 11-year-old son of Dr. Paul Hunt, Professor of Education and Public Speaking at Clinton College, Hamilton, New York, is anxious to keep his quickly acquired Australian accent until he can show it off at home in November.

Dr. Hunt is spending seven months in Australia studying different intonations in Australian speech. He will make a report to the Commonwealth Government before leaving.

The purpose of this is mainly to assist migrants.

Dr. Hunt will decide if the Australian intonation pattern (in other words, the rise and fall of speech) is any different from the English intonation pattern.

If it is not, the Government will go on teaching migrants by the English pattern, otherwise a special Australian pattern will be adopted.

Intonation patterns recorded on paper look like a kind of shorthand.

While lecturing on Education at the University of Western Australia, Dr. Hunt heard some near-perfect standard English which he said could fit easily into any English-speaking country in the world.

"The accent and intonation of speech vary very little among the educated people of the British Commonwealth and America—less than one would expect," he said.

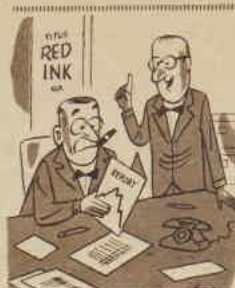
### Roman girls can have a hat a week

**A** REAL boon for the Italian working girl who can't afford to buy fashionable hats as often as she would like is the hat library in Rome.

This is an authentic circulating library with files, registers, and personal cards on which clients' loans are marked.

For a reasonable fee members of the library have the right to change hats twice a month. If they pay a little more, they can have a "new" model every week.

The library, run by Signora Nina, has 300 hats which, when out of date, are sold to second-hand clothing buyers.



"Cheer up, chief—we've survived other periods of prosperity. There's bound to be a good healthy slump one of these days."

### U.S. working mothers want lower taxes

**I**F moves going in Washington to reduce income tax for working mothers are successful, women will be in a position of privilege in the American economic scheme for the first time.

There are more than five and a quarter million working mothers in the United States and two million of them have children under six years of age.

Bills to obtain tax deductions for these women have been before Congress since 1947, and last January no fewer than 30 such bills were introduced by pro-feminist Senators and representatives.

Women's organisations point out that a working mother frequently has to employ a nursemaid to take care of her children while she is at work. Yet she is not allowed to deduct this expense from her taxable earnings.

In some cases, the working mother clears so little that she would have been almost as well off if she had stayed at home with junior.

**THE** battle of oil companies for the control of service stations has resulted in hundreds of brightly repainted and refurbished garages, each color scheme proclaiming the brand of product sold.

Often the proprietor's dwelling also proclaims his allegiance in terms of paint.

In a Queensland country district motorists are intrigued to see a building obviously originally designed for a church painted in the colors which adorn the adjoining service station.

### A smile from the Queen

**S**MILES from the Queen and the Queen Mother at Royal Ascot made the big moment of the trip abroad of Mrs. Darby Munro, wife of the well-known Sydney jockey.

"I was by myself just looking round when I saw them," she told us. "I was so close I could have touched the Queen."

When the Queen looked right into my face and waved and smiled at me alone, I felt all funny inside, and bobbed and smiled back," Mrs. Munro went on.

"She is very pretty, and so tiny that I couldn't get over it."

Darby, who did not have a licence to ride in England, said that races are held every day in England, and on Whit-Monday (May 25 this year) there are 26 meetings.

He said he didn't like going to the races in England—he didn't enjoy it somehow.

He met famous English jockey Sir Gordon Richards on Derby Day.

"He was very nice to me," Darby told us.

"But Paris, that's the place," he continued. "They gave me a licence in France, and I rode."

Darby said he rode a horse in the French Derby at Chantilly.

"I met Aly Khan, too," Darby said. "He's a lovely fellow, nice and friendly. I talked to him quite a bit."

He also saw the richest man in France. His name was Marcel Boussac and he was the most famous racing man in the world.

"He has 150 boxes in his racing stables, which are the biggest in the world and much better than the houses of many folk," he said. "Why, the managers are made of marble."

In San Francisco a special race was arranged so that Darby could ride.

"It was a wonderful gesture for those Americans to make," he said, "but I was riding a terrible old horse called Coiner, and came fourth. There were four horses in the race."

"Coiner fell over in the very next race he was in," Darby added glumly.

**WE** heard this charming dog story from the sister of one of our colleagues the other day.

This sister went to visit some new friends for the first time.

She was sitting in a comfortable lounge chair when the hostess' big, old Dalmatian came and sat right in front of her, and stared hard.

Nervously the hostess asked her whether she liked dogs, and on the sister saying she did hastened to explain that it was the dog's chair she was sitting in, and could she move please.

"You see," explained the hostess, apologising profusely, "the dog is stone deaf and we can't explain to her that we have visitors and she's being rude."



"Any luck, Herbert?"



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**BACK TO MANDALAY**

By Lowell Thomas

General Wingate got the opportunity to implement some of his unorthodox ideas of warfare in his Burma campaign. With American personnel and material added to his British forces, these methods had conspicuous success.

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**Social  
News:**

**GETTING MARRIED**



**NAVAL ESCORT.** Rear-Admiral Showers escorts his daughter, Barbara, to the Dockyard Church for her wedding to Graham Crouch. Inset: Mr. and Mrs. Crouch.



**WEDDING GUESTS.** Mr. and Mrs. Alexis Albert arrive at the Dockyard Church, Garden Island, for the Crouch-Showers wedding.



**ATTRACTIVE** Josephine Roche at the Crouch-Showers wedding with her fiancé, Michael Jones. They will marry at St. Joseph's Church, Edgecliff, on September 9.



**QUARTET** at the Crouch-Showers wedding were Air-Commodore and Mrs. C. B. Wincott (left), who came on from the reception for Mr. and Mrs. Ian Ackery, with Mrs. G. I. D. Hutcheson and Commander Hutcheson (right).



**LEAVING** St. Mark's after their wedding are Mr. and Mrs. Ian Ackery. The bride was formerly Ann Pennefather, only daughter of Mr. Frank Pennefather, of Darling Point.



**ARRIVING** at St. Mark's, Darling Point, for the Ian Ackery-Ann Pennefather wedding are Mr. and Mrs. John Stuart. Ann and Ian have a flat at Darling Point.





**INTERESTING WEDDING.** Mr. and Mrs. Anthony Scarisbrick at the reception at the Woollahra home of the bride's mother, Lady Reading. Mrs. Scarisbrick was formerly Mrs. Crossing, widow of Mr. W. S. Crossing.



**BANKERS' BALL.** Mrs. H. C. Coombs (left), wife of the Commonwealth Bank Governor, with Rural Bank President, Mr. C. R. McKerihan, and Mrs. McKerihan.



**EARLY ARRIVALS.** Bob Peachey (left), Valerie Denington, Josephine Elder, and Roger Davis arrive at the dance given by Cara Payne at Carl Thomas' to raise funds for the Barker College Spring Fair on September 26.



**TEMPTATION.** Eighteen-months-old Amanda Youdale reaches for the ice-cream held by her father, Mr. Ken Youdale, at the children's party held to raise funds for the Sub-normal Children's Welfare Association.

## SOCIAL JOTTINGS

**ROMANTIC** spotlight at present seems to be strongly focused on the north-western districts of New South Wales, as many country girls are either announcing their engagements or making wedding plans.

Of wide interest in pastoral circles was the engagement of Runa Robertson, of "Turaville," Scone, and Dudley Ross, of "Aberfeldie," Holbrook. Runa tells me they have chosen early March next year for the wedding, but haven't decided yet whether the ceremony will be in Scone or here in Sydney.

Planning a spring wedding at St. Mark's, Aberdeen, are Janet Davies, of "The Peppers," Aberdeen, and Hugh Bickford, of Gordon. Bridesmaids will be Ann Johnson, of "Yattalunga," Goulburn, and Sue McIntyre, of "Kayuga," Muswellbrook. Sue's fiancé, Dr. Michael Soling, sails for England shortly to do post-graduate studies.

**WELL-KNOWN** breeder and Hereford show judge Ian White, of "Timor," Murrumbidgee, will marry Phyllis Young, of Willoughby, at St. Michael's, Vaucluse, on October 5, with a reception at the Pickwick Club. They will live at "Timor" after the wedding.

The bride's niece, 9-year-old Suzanne Patterson, will be a bridesmaid when Barbara Patterson, of Tamworth, marries John Matchett, of "Northcote," Boomi, on September 25 at St. Andrew's, Tamworth. The other bridesmaids are Iris Smythe, of Condobolin, and Mary Kerr, of "Brubri," Manilla.

**GAY** party last Sunday night at the home of Mr. and Mrs. F. C. Gilroy was held to celebrate the engagement of their daughter, Catherine, to Bill Lewis. Catherine's engagement ring received a lot of attention at the party—it's a diamond solitaire flanked with diamond shoulders. Bill is the son of Mr. W. A. Lewis, of New Lambton, and the late Mrs. Lewis.

**SMALL** family dinner-party was given at her home, "Mahratta," Warrawee, last weekend by Mrs. T. A. Field to celebrate her birthday and to welcome home her son, Tom Field, and his wife, Jean, and the Ray Purves (Mrs. Purves was formerly Betty Field), who have all just returned from abroad. Mrs. Geoffrey Prockter, who was Heather Field, will add her birthday wishes to those of the rest of the family when she arrives in Sydney from Singapore this Saturday, August 29.

**A NEW** home at the Royal Military College, Duntroon, Canberra, greeted Mrs. Brian Forward, who arrived home from England recently with her husband, Captain Forward. Formerly Rosemary Enfield, of Maroubra, Mrs. Forward was married in England and lived there for seven months. She and her husband are now settling down and furnishing the Army quarters which will be their home for the next few years.

Anne



**AMERICAN JOURNALIST** Mrs. Esther van Wagoner Tufty (right) with her hostess, Mrs. Donald Smith, wife of the U.S. Consul-General, at an afternoon party at her home.



**IN BRISBANE.** Guest of honor at a Government House party was Lady Slim, wife of the Governor-General, Sir William Slim. She is with Mrs. Gordon Lahey.



**SPECTATORS.** Helen Duncan (left), Margaret McCaffrey, and Margaret Anne McDonald at the fashion parade to aid the St. Vincent's Hospital Women's Auxiliary at the home of Mrs. H. C. Beckett, of Darling Point.



**CHRISTENING.** Dr. and Mrs. John Furber (centre) with their daughter, Lesley Ann, who was christened at St. Mark's, Darling Point, with Lesley's godparents, Mr. James Allsop (left), Mrs. John Allsop, Mrs. Dick Cobden, and Mr. Roger Street.



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**PERILOUS  
PASSAGE**

By  
Arthur Mayne

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## DRESS SENSE by Betty Keep

Dior's new autumn silhouette . . . the beautiful bouffant ball gown . . . the pretty hat . . . beach news . . . cottons . . . beige and white.

IN my fashion mail, and in person, women are asking me repeatedly the same question, "Do you think Dior's new autumn silhouette will be accepted?"

My answer is that Dior's two silhouettes, particularly his coat silhouette, are too exaggerated in this present form to be accepted universally. But most women follow a new trend, and I believe that by next autumn a modified version will be the solution for the woman who wishes to be in fashion without creating a sensation.

DIOR's coat and dress silhouettes reach just below the knees. He labels his coat silhouette "Globe." It has excessive fullness and a rather wide, low-slung belt.

He calls his dress silhouette "Capote," and it is feminine and more becoming.

In this silhouette fullness is gently rounded over the bosom and hips, and falls in a "bell" line to the hem. The diaphragm is neat. There is no break at the waistline, and the seams all follow-through from the bustline to hem.

The bodice is mounted on light dress canvas from waistline to bust and a tiny light net-boned corset is built into the dress to keep the bodice waistline and diaphragm perfectly smooth.

The full bustline is further rounded out with cunningly placed small pads. Sleeves are set at fallen-shoulder level.

Under this line the best foundation garment is a one-piece corsetette.

I forecast that Dior's new silhouettes will make the general public skirt-conscious, and there will be a swift reaction to the shorter hemline. I notice already that many women have turned their dresses up several inches.

ILLUSTRATED above is a suit with a short skirt-line and a short box-jacket. It is chic without being exaggerated. You can obtain a paper pattern for the design in sizes 32in. to 38in. bust. The suit is made in linen, but would look equally well in cotton, rayon, or silk. Further details are given under the sketch.

A NEW season always provokes new interest in formal fashions, and in spite of current fashion talk of a dance dress with a shorter skirt-line, the big beautiful ball gown is still the glamor dress of the year. The trend, I feel, began with London's brilliant Coronation season. Norman Hartnell, the Queen's dressmaker, understands the drama needed for this type of ball gown. Hartnell's debutante dress, made in white tulle scattered with gold-centred white lace daisies, is a fashion



from white shantung to flowered chiffon. Dior also shows an enchanting cartwheel in palest rose-pink velvet with a wide, undulating brim. Flower toques of every kind are in vogue. There are, too, tiny sailors, sometimes printed with polka dots, and skull-caps and half-hats like bandages.

At Givenchy's there is a series of "egg" hats, made to imitate various segments of an eggshell.

INTO the water go a streamlined knitwool one-piece swimsuit (in a dark color), a one-piece bloomer suit with very full legs and subtle bosom drapery, and a one-piece with a short, circle skirt below a taut-cut midriff and fitted bodice. The two-piece suit is seldom seen. On the beach are the classic skirt alias beach cape, a sheath-like one-piece, a playsuit with a bateau neckline, and a beach sweater in cotton, black or white, with a turtle neck.

IN summer fashions there is more cotton for everything—dresses, coats, suits, pants, formals. For hot days a guaranteed fresh daily dress (it goes happily into suds), sheath-slim and sleeveless, will be a much-lived-in fashion. A tailored town suit in cotton is another major fashion. This group includes boxy and fitted jackets. Skirts are mainly slim.

Cotton pants in crazy and pretty prints and dozens of color combinations bring trouser fashions to the fore. Pants come in knee to ankle lengths. A tailored cotton coat (it can double as a dress) with a matching skirt plus separate "tops" is a practical fashion for the business girl.

In Paris there are numbers of precise flower prints in fine dark cotton. They are used for daytime dresses.

DIOR - INSPIRED summer suit, Sizes 32in. to 38in. bust. Requires 4yds. 36in. material. Price, 4/6. Pattern may be obtained from Mrs. Betty Keep, Dress Sense, Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney.

sensation. Many of these big-skirted dresses have brief bodice-tops, often stole-"wrapped." There is a delicious brightness and airiness about evening fabrics; shades of pink persist from a faint shell-rose-pink to a new warm pink called quince and a rose-pink that is almost red. White and gold, black and white, and prints of every type are all important; so is the dress scattered with embroidery.

HATS are quite the prettiest and most varied I have seen in years. There are numbers of tiny shapes, plus a good sprinkling of cartwheels. Dior's widow-peak pillbox is amusing and chic, and his draped toques are flattering. The toques, worn straight and forward, are made in dozens of materials,

BEIGE and white, both newly in fashion, are worth thinking about. The two colors together are a flattering twosome for a fresh spring and summer look. Beiges come in cream and oyster shades, right down to the deep beige of a well-baked biscuit.

Ideas to Follow: A dazzling white coat over a biscuit-colored dress; a beige shirt dress worn with all-white accessories; a white cotton lace cocktail dress with all-beige accessories.

Spring Fashion Details: With the now frequently unemphasized waistline, the neckline is a point of interest. At times it is rolled back from the base of the neck and often right off the shoulders. Numbers of suit jackets have collars following the line of the throat without touching it anywhere. Another type of neckline is scooped or V-ed shallowly, or shoulder-wide back or front, or both.

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Continuing . . . .

## My Mother Told Me

[from page 3]

She often told herself: "I'm going to kick him out tomorrow. He must meet girls—forget Margaret." But she never did it.

She was pinning back her hair for the nightly cold-creaming and nodding amiably at her lean, casual good looks in the mirror when a thought struck her—there had been a gleam in his eye when he talked about that little girl on the bus! It was a long time since she had heard him speak protectively about a woman.

The days passed and the summer slowly drew to a close. The bus queue pulled their coats closely around them during the evening wait. One evening as Bill stood idly watching the passing traffic, he noticed a trim back in front of him. Crisp dark hair curled under the brim of a wide hat. The girl turned her head and he saw a familiar snub nose.

"Well, welcome back to our bus queue!" he said.

She turned and looked at him, well-bred and cool. Then the dimple flickered in the corner of her mouth. "Now don't tell me!" she said. "I'll remember you in a minute. We weren't in the same Sunday school. Didn't we meet at the Scotts? You're Nancy's friend's cousin from—"

"We've never met at all!" he told her sadly. "This is just a pick-up. I warned you about wolves once at this very bus stop."

"Oh, I remember! You're the man who told me I had too much energy! We talked about hunting lions and chasing buses—"

"And country ways!" he reminded her. "You've made me think about my childhood. But you've changed!" He studied her face and shook his head.

"Yes?" She tried the dimple again. "How?"

"Well, for one thing, no chrysanthemums. For another thing, you're not running. And you've done your hair differently. Do you still enjoy life in the big city?"

A shadow came to her eyes. "I find it awfully lonely. I mean, there are enough people, but they don't know me. In the country everyone knows everyone else."

The bus arrived just then and the scramble started. Again they were separated and wedged into different seats. This time, however, he managed to see where she alighted. And she gave him a friendly wave as the bus moved on.

During the rest of the month he saw the girl frequently. She and he managed several chats among and around the other passengers. Once they even sat together.

He began to learn quite a bit about her. Her name was Mary Keene; she shared a flat with two other girls. "I'm glad you've found some companions!" he said.

She made a little face. "Girls aren't much company!"

"Oh, now, look here! Some of my happiest hours have been spent with girls!"

"That's because you're a man! Oh, we have fun! But at times it's a bit desperate going to the pictures together and treating each other to coffee. There's no future in that!"

"You're a scheming woman!" He grinned as he stood up to let her off.

After that she grew a little apathetic. Sometimes there was a hint of shine on her nose, and she let her hair grow long again. Too long, he decided. She was listless, and he found himself aching for her in a sort of helpless way. He missed the girl with the bronze chrysanthemums, running laughing through the crowd.

And then suddenly there was a sparkle in her eyes again, and a lift to her step. The short, cropped curls came back; she wore frilly blouses with sometimes a rose at the throat. There was an unmistakable radiance about her. Once she nonchalantly missed the bus—she was standing with a man on the other side of the road. He

seemed to be holding her arm and arguing. Bill saw her shrug and laugh and go off with the man.

Mary Keene missed the bus quite frequently after that. Once she joined the queue only to blush vividly as a sports car slid to the kerb beside her and a man's hand opened the door. So she had a lift home these evenings? The bus seemed forlorn and deserted.

"I don't know whether she can cope with men or not," he told Liz. "I'm afraid her nature's too trusting."

One evening she appeared at the bus stop carrying a large dress box. He carried it on to the bus for her. She was quivering with excitement. They were able to find a seat together.

"Don't tell me!" he begged. "It's written all over you. New dress?"

"Oh, yes!" She was radiant. "A cocktail frock."

"Good!" Her pleasure infected him, he felt suddenly reckless. "Then let's dance! I tell you what—let's go out somewhere this evening. I want to see what you look like without a bus!"

"I'm sorry!" Her eyes clouded. "Terribly sorry! But I'm going out. That's what the dress is for."

He felt let down. "I was afraid of that. No pictures with the girl friends this evening, then?"

"No!" she said with maddening smugness. "No girls tonight! He's very good looking!"

"Your boss?" He knew he was prying but something impelled him to ask.

"Well, not quite. But he's one of the high-ups in our office. He's been everywhere and he knows everything and he's had lots of trouble—"

"If you like hearing about others' troubles you should listen to a few of mine," he said.

She giggled. "You couldn't have troubles! You always laugh at things!"

"It's hollow laughter!" he protested. "It's just my brave front. Every chuckle hides a breaking heart."

"See what I mean?" She wrinkled her nose.

"Well," he said, "at any rate we've missed you from our queue!"

"Have you?" Mary's tone was absent. She fingered the box and smiled to herself—a dreamy, secret smile.

"All right, all right!" he said. "I know you're only interested in this date of yours. Where is your Romeo taking you?"

"We're going to a dinner-dance at the Shoreham Hotel. Isn't it wonderful?"

He found Liz and Colin peeling the potatoes. "We're getting in a rut," he told them. "Let's do something quite mad this evening."

"What do you suggest?" scoffed Liz, flinging herself down on the sofa. "A brisk game of hopscotch?"

"Oh, nothing so mad as that. What about going to the dinner-dance at the Shoreham Hotel?" It was a sudden compulsive thought.

"Well, for heaven's sake!" Liz sat bolt upright again. "I don't think I can put one foot in front of another, but it's a brilliant idea. What about it, Colin? But who'll you take, Bill?"

"Well—Connie."

"Yes, Connie looks wonderful anywhere!"

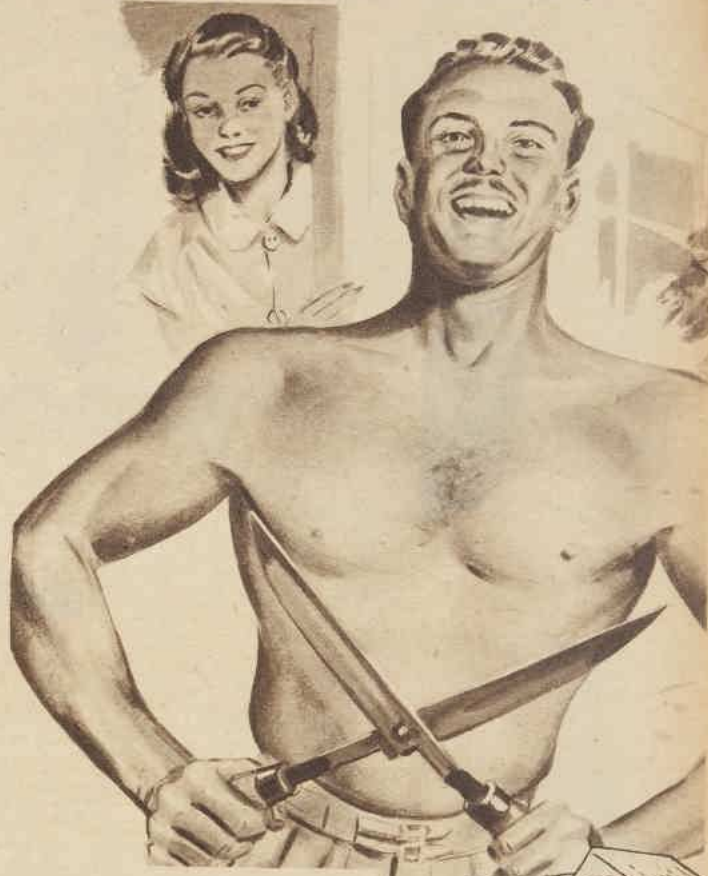
"Looks wonderful any time," Bill said gallantly, but without much fervor. Connie was blonde and regal—but some man would be taking a girl with a little snub nose and a breathless way of laughing.

He was strangely tense as they were shown to their table. His restless glance searched the

To page 39

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## As I read the stars

By EVE HILLIARD

**ARIES** (March 21-April 20): Your occupation should hold your chief interest, September 1, with an unusual opportunity cropping up, September 2. September 6 is excellent for health, sports, pleasure jaunts.

**TAURUS** (April 21-May 20): September 5 and 6 may bring an offer of marriage, if eligible, or a friendship may ripen into romance. Others find Dame Fortune knocking at the door.

**GEMINI** (May 21-June 21): Any deal now hanging fire should be completed to your satisfaction, September 2. An ambition fulfilled could give September 7.

**CANCER** (June 22-July 22): The morning of September 3 is inclined to muddle up arrangements or bring misunderstandings or wrong information. September 7 is favorable for all purposes.

**LEO** (July 23-August 22): If you stick to conservative methods, investments made on September 4 should pan out well. September 7 is fine for buying and selling goods and services.

**VIRGO** (August 23-September 22): Cultivate people prepared to help you, September 2; speed up personal or financial plans during the week, and September 7 will see you sitting pretty.

**LIBRA** (September 24-October 23): You may reverse a decision recently arrived at, September 3, saving yourself a lot of bother. September 5 may have a welcome message.

**SCORPIO** (October 24-November 22): If a member of a team or entering any competition, September 5 is under kindly stars. September 6 favors love affairs.

**SAGITTARIUS** (November 23-December 20): September 1 may lift you a rung up the ladder, adding to your prestige in business or social circles. September 5 is ace-high.

**CAPRICORN** (December 21-January 19): During the daytime hours of September 4 you might commit yourself to heavy responsibilities impossible to carry out. Postpone decision until September 6.

**AQUARIUS** (January 20-February 19): An unexpected turn of events may change your plans, September 3. A bonus or little windfall might enable you to gratify a wish.

**PISCES** (February 20-March 20): Co-operation with the marriage partner, friends or associates could produce wonderful results at home or abroad. If September 3 is stormy, September 6 shines with happiness.

[The Australian Women's Weekly presents this astrological diary as a feature of interest only, without accepting any responsibility whatever for the statements contained in it.]



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Continuing . . . .

# My Mother Told Me

from page 37

tables around them, endeavoring to locate Mary.

She wasn't there. It was getting late; the room was crowded. Perhaps they had been in an accident. Perhaps they had stopped somewhere for a drink. As each new couple entered, he looked up sharply. He told himself he was enjoying himself. The evening wore on. Mary had not come.

He was irrationally pleased to see her in the bus queue the next evening—overjoyed with the first glance, stabbed with the next. For she was pale; there were dark shadows under her eyes. The tilt of her was stilled.

She looked at him dully for a moment when he touched her arm, then forced a smile. And a second later, to his amazement, she clutched his hand with hot, shaky fingers. He wasn't deceived—there was no passion in that clutch. It was the grip of a mountain climber who finds for a moment a safe ledge.

Gently he steered her to a seat. He tried to be jocular. "Why weren't you at the Shoreham? You've no idea what you cost me! I got up a big party and went, just to see your new dress."

She winced. "There was a technical hitch," she said.

"Oh, tough luck!"

"Yes," she said, "tough."

She looked at him with her stubborn country honesty, looked at him through a sudden mist of tears. "His wife came back!"

"Did you—know he was married?"

"He never told me, I never thought to ask him."

He drew a breath of relief. "I see. Well, that can happen. Other men have done the same to other girls."

"But why does it have to hurt so?" The cry was wrung from her. "I gave him up last night. He said he couldn't break up his marriage, but that it needn't make any difference to us. But I couldn't go on that way!"

"Good girl!" He squeezed her hand. "Look, let's get off the bus and have a cup of coffee." She followed him off the bus. And in the corner of a milk bar, she blindly wept on his shoulder.

"I can't do it!" she sobbed. "I can't give him up! I miss him so!"

"You mustn't let loneliness defeat you," he said. "We all do things we're likely to regret afterwards when we're lonely." "I suppose that's why I got mixed up with him in the first place," she said. "I was lonely and he was exciting!"

Bill could have prevented that loneliness, he told himself. Her face twisted with pain. "What will it be like," she cried, "to wake up in the morning and know it will be just another day? To know no one will tell me I'm beautiful; no one will ask me if I'm tired? There won't be any point in waiting for the evening to come, because I won't be rushing to meet him! That's the trouble—there won't be any point in living!"

Suddenly he remembered that far-off day when Margaret had looked at him from her cool blue-grey eyes and had told him she was marrying someone else. He remembered the bright sunlight that washed her silky hair

with gold and had thought desperately he would never want to see sunlight again. This had been his cry then—"What's the point in living?"

"My dear," he said, "you may not believe me now—but this will pass. You'll get over it." And knew with a sudden rush of wonder that it was true. The torch he had carried had flickered and gone out. He drew a deep breath. The load was lifted from his shoulders.

He phoned Liz to tell her that he would be late home. Then he took Mary out to dinner. They managed a few laughs together—rueful laughs that took courage on her part. He took her home when the redness of her eyes had faded enough for her to meet the curious gaze of her roommates.

In the shadows of the doorway he bent his face to hers. She lifted her mouth as trustingly as a little girl, and he kissed her very tenderly.

For a moment she pressed her cheek against his own. It was a touching gesture. "Thank you for not laughing at me!" she said. "You've always frightened me a little—always making fun of things. But you're the kindest man I know!"

**I**n the next few weeks, Bill could tell the struggle Mary was going through. She grew thinner. There were taut lines about her mouth. There was always a tension in her manner. She must see the fellow every day at work, he thought. That wouldn't help her. The temptation was always there. The trap was always waiting to be sprung.

She was still meeting the man outside sometimes. He could tell that by her occasional absences from the bus queue, by her haunted, desperate air when she did appear. He could imagine those furtive little rendezvous.

Then one Friday evening she appeared at the bus stop carrying a small bag. She was wearing her best suit and a bit of misty veiling on her hat. He took the bag from her and helped her on the bus.

"You look as if you're expecting to be stranded overnight on the journey," he said.

"As a matter of fact I am going all the way this evening. Some friends are meeting me at the terminus. Then we're driving down to the country for the weekend."

Once again he had that sense of shock. And then something fierce and protective rose up in him.

"Oh, no, you're not!" he said.

She gasped, her eyes wide.

### Notice to Contributors

PLEASE type your manuscript or write clearly in ink, using only one side of the paper.

Short stories should be from 2500 to 6000 words; articles up to 1200 words. Enclose stamps to cover return postage of manuscript in case of rejection.

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### IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY

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**Ranger Suits, 26'.**

**G.—**This rugged Ranger Suit has Caesar-line trousers, Toblaco shirt and embroidered pockets. Brown/lemon, brown/natural, blue/white. 18, 20, 22 sizes, 26/.



**Big 'n' Little Sister Frocks of pretty Pique**  
**I.—**Pique in pink, blue or lemon, the prettiest dress any daughter could wish for. Skirt is very full, collar and cuffs, white broderie. 20, 22 with pants, 24, 27, 30, 36/6, 33, 36, 41/.

**Big 'n' Little Sister Frocks in fine Voile**  
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Page 40

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — September 2, 1953



# BETTY GRABLE

● Dance star Betty Grable recently made a dramatic exit from the studio lot where she had reigned as pin-up queen for 17 years.

BETTY was fired by Twentieth Century-Fox, the company for which she made a string of technicolor musicals reported to have returned 16 million dollars profit in eight years.

Grable's refusal to accept studio direction in the matter of making pictures for outside producers is announced as the reason for the break-up between the star and the studio.

Fox's wish to cut the heavy cost of Grable's musicals may also have had something to do with it.

Betty's desire to obtain a release from her lucrative movie contract owing to her preoccupation with domesticity and horse-racing must be taken into consideration, too.

Apparently Betty couldn't be happier about the affair. "Let nature take its course—it's always been good for me," she remarked as she left for a vacation with husband Harry James and family.

Although she is putting aside her dancing slippers, it is not likely that still-glamorous Betty will disappear from the screen. Now 37 and independently wealthy, she may turn up in non-dancing roles as a freelance for some time to come.

"How to Marry a Millionaire"—Betty's last Fox film and the 40th of her career—marks her debut as a straight comedienne.

She doesn't dance a step in the picture, but the Grable pin-up legs are in evidence, and she wears many glamor gowns.

"Millionaire" is the first picture filmed in the CinemaScope process.

During her years as a top box-office personality, Betty Grable never pretended to acting talent.

"Cheesecake" was what her fans expected to see in each of the cream-puff, technicolor song-and-dance romances which starred her.

Conscious of her assets and aware of her limitations as an actress, Betty refused to appear in anything more serious than light musicals.

Betty Grable was in films for nearly 10 years before she was discovered.

Bit parts, secondary roles in trifling college pictures, and a hit in a supporting role to Ethel Mer- man in "Du Barry Was a Lady" on Broadway in 1939 were her stepping stones to movie stardom.

For three consecutive years—in 1946, 1947, and 1948—she headed the list of the highest-salaried women in the United States.

Betty Grable has been twice married. Her first husband was Jackie Coogan. They were divorced in 1939 after two years of marriage.

Her 10-year-old second marriage—to handleader Harry James—appears to be a success.

A tidy ranch-house nestling in 170 acres of rolling Calabasas pastureland is the favorite winter abode of Mr. and Mrs. James and their children, nine-year-old Victoria and six-year-old Jessica.

Outside the family, the James' main interest is in the horses they breed there to race with considerable success during America's summer racing season.

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HW 13 WW142

## Talking of Films

By M. J. McMAHON

★★ **Military Policemen**  
YOU will get some laughs out of Bob Hope's new comedy "Military Policemen" (Paramount).

Several funny sequences and numerous amusing gags crop out of the better-than-average story, and for good measure a couple of breezy songs are interpolated with humorous goings-on.

Hope himself is in good form as a fight trainer who is railroaded into the U.S. Army, where he winds up as a military policeman.

To make a boxer out of Mickey Rooney and at the same time to further a romance with Marilyn Maxwell, Rooney's film aunt who de-

tests the fight game, are Bob's chief problems.

It goes without saying that Hope manages to negotiate some stiff opposition to win out on both scores.

The new subdued Mickey Rooney is likeable and effective as Hope's co-provost and ring hopeful.

Lending his straight-faced comic talents to proceedings is Eddie Mayehoff. You may remember Mayehoff as the football-mad father of Jerry Lewis in "That's My Boy."

If you enjoy his special brand of humor, you may very well find Mayehoff's M.P. officer, whose existence is ordered by the dictates of the military field manual, one of the highlights of this film.

In Sydney—Prince Edward.

### CITY FILM GUIDE

#### Films reviewed

**CAPITOL.**—★★ "Where No Vultures Fly," technicolor adventure, starring Anthony Steel, Dinah Sheridan. Plus "Stampede," Western, starring Rod Cameron, Gale Storm. (Both re-releases.)

**CENTURY.**—★ "Hans Christian Andersen," technicolor musical fantasy, starring Danny Kaye, Jeanne Crain, Farley Granger. Plus featurettes.

**CIVIC.**—★ "Tarzan and the She-Devil," jungle adventure, starring Lex Barker, Joyce McKenzie, Raymond Burr. Plus ★ "Fighting Father Dunne," drama, starring Pat O'Brien, Myrna Dell. (Re-release.)

**EMBASSY.**—★★ "Encore," three Somerset Maugham short stories, starring Glynis Johns, Nigel Patrick, Kay Walsh, Terence Morgan. Plus ★ "Time, Gentlemen, Please," comedy, starring Eddie Byrne.

**ESQUIRE.**—★★ "Cheaper by the Dozen," comedy, starring Clifton Webb, Jeanne Crain. Plus ★ "Dakota Lil'," cinecolor Western, starring Rod Cameron, George Montgomery. (Both re-releases.)

**LIBERTY.**—★★ "The Story of Three Loves," technicolor romantic drama, starring Kirk Douglas, Pier Angeli, Leslie Caron, James Mason. Plus featurettes.

**LYCEUM.**—★★ "White Corridors," hospital drama, starring Googie Withers, James Donald, Petula Clark. Plus ★ "No Resting Place," mystery, starring Michael Gough, Eithne Dunne.

**LYRIC.**—★ "Jumping Jacks," comedy, starring Dean Martin, Jerry Lewis, Mona Freeman. Plus ★ "Adventure Island," technicolor adventure, starring Rory Calhoun, Rhonda Fleming. (Both re-releases.)

**PLAZA.**—★ "Pickup on South Street," political drama, starring Richard Widmark, Jean Peters. Plus "Pistol Harvest," a Tim Holt Western.

**PRINCE EDWARD.**—★★ "Military Policemen," comedy, starring Bob Hope, Mickey Rooney, Marilyn Maxwell. (See review this page.) Plus "The Gambler and the Lady," mystery drama, starring Dane Clark, Kathleen Byron.

**REGENT.**—★★ "Call Me Madam," technicolor musical, starring Ethel Merman, Donald O'Connor, George Sanders, Vera-Ellen. Plus featurettes.

**SAVOY.**—★★ "Woman of Antwerp," French-language drama, starring Simone Signoret, Bernard Blier, Marcel Pagliero. Plus "Scrapbook of 1922," documentary. (Re-release.)

**STATE.**—★★ "Salome," technicolor historical drama, starring Rita Hayworth, Stewart Granger, Charles Laughton. Plus ★ "The 49th Man," naval drama, starring John Ireland.

**ST. JAMES.**—★ "Small Town Girl," technicolor musical, starring Jane Powell, Farley Granger. Plus ★ "A Slight Case of Larceny," comedy, starring Mickey Rooney.

**VICTORY.**—★ "Assignment Paris," drama, starring Dana Andrews, George Sanders, Maria Toren. Plus ★ "Sound Off," supercinecolor musical, starring Mickey Rooney, Anne Jackson.

**VARIETY.**—★ "The Ninth Commandment," Italian-language drama, starring Eleonora Rossi, Amedeo Nazzari. Plus ★ "My Friend Irma," comedy, starring Marie Wilson, John Lund, Dean Martin, Jerry Lewis. (Re-release.)

#### Films not yet reviewed

**MAYFAIR AND PARK.**—"I'll See You in My Dreams," musical, starring Doris Day, Danny Thomas. Plus featurettes.

**PALACE.**—"South of Algiers," technicolor desert drama, starring Eric Portman, Van Heflin, Wanda Hendrix. Plus "Fireball," sporting drama, starring Mickey Rooney, Beverly Tyler.

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# From Under my Hat

EVERYBODY, including me, was making money on the stock exchange. You'd put in ten bucks and take out one hundred dollars. Where had I been all my life? I turned over my life savings and a good chunk of current earnings to Eliot Gibbons and said, "Make me some of that capital appreciation." Like a little man, he did so for months.

He did so well by me that when Frances Marion said, "Let's take Caroline (her niece) and go to Europe," I said, "By golly, let's!" I even had enough money to splurge on new glad rags and pay for my end of the trip.

We embarked on that tour in style. In New York there were interviews and farewell parties. Frances' husband, Fred Thompson, saw us off from Pasadena with trees of orchids and had more waiting for us in New York. He couldn't go with us but sure bade us a fine bon voyage.

Frances never went anywhere without cables following her with offers of writing assignments. Sure enough, when we got to Paris there was a message from Lillian Gish demanding our immediate presence at Max Reinhardt's palace in Salzburg to consult with the master about writing "The Miracle" for the movies, in which Lillian was to star.

But Frances had decided we were to go on the Grand Tour by motor. The longest car in Paris had been hired and a courier engaged. We could afford it. Frances had been getting five thousand a week for years, and I was getting daily cables that ran sweetly: "Made you three thousand. Shall I send it or put it in your bank account?" Being the frugal type, I'd cable back: "In the bank."

So we let Lillian whistle. The tour became a happy highlight. We roamed battlefields and cathedrals, spent a week-end at the Villa d'Este on Lake Como.

Down in Venice we happened in on a fete day. Poor little King Victor Emmanuel III was in attendance, the banners flying. Mussolini had not quite gained complete control and the King's Guard and companies of soldiers were along with him. The square was like a medieval pageant come to life.

Frances came down with a migraine headache. Her niece was occupied in mooning over a young man she'd met on the boat. So for two days alone, I lived! From one art gallery to another; from one palazzo to another; in and out of half the gondolas on the Grand Canal.

We finally arrived in Salzburg and put up at a hotel. Caroline sped off to rejoin her young man, and Frances and I got a bid to Max Reinhardt's palace for dinner.

The palace, exquisite in its proportions and furnishings, had been bought by Reinhardt

shortly after the end of World War I. When Hitler came into power, the Nazis took it over. It has since been returned to the remaining members of the Reinhardt family: the widow, Helene Thimig, and Max' two sons, Gottfried and Wolfgang. The former is a producer, director, and writer at M.G.M.; the latter a producer and assistant to David Selznick.

The castle is now used for a school run by Harvard graduates. Two pupils from each country in Europe—with the exception of those behind the Iron Curtain—make up the student body. It must be a charming place in which to study, but I imagine the students are a little rough on the palace.

The beauty of the palace was a perfect background for D. W. Griffith's great silent star, Lillian Gish, and she was enjoying herself thoroughly. Her blond hair a nimbus round her face and down her back,



**BRIGHT STAR** and matinee idol of early Hollywood, Charles Farrell was a close friend of handsome outdoor star Fred Thompson, whose sudden death on Christmas Eve cast gloom over the movie industry.

Lillian was dressed in an accordion-pleated cerulean-blue tunic caught with a jewelled belt at the waist. She looked exactly like a Botticelli come to life.

The great Reinhardt was gracious, and we were spared embarrassment by his interpreter, Helene Thimig, who later became the second Mrs. Reinhardt.

Dinner was lamb stew, rice pudding, and beer! We had come all that distance for such food! We discovered why. Ten days before, when they'd wanted us, they'd lived high on the hog—caviar, champagne, with the Vienna Symphony Orchestra to serenade the guests, who included Joe Schenck, vice-president of 20th Century-Fox, and Joe Kennedy, later to be Ambassador to England. Now we were getting left-overs.

Frances stayed after dinner to go over the story idea of

## By HEDDA HOPPER

**SYNOPSIS:** An early settler in Hollywood, ex-stage actress Hedda Hopper watches the speedy development of the film industry. Big-name writers and top-flight theatrical personalities visit California.

Now interested in making short films for release in movie theatres, Hedda sends her cameraman to Sun Valley to photograph the Gary Coopers and author Ernest Hemingway. It's a tough assignment.

Hollywood salutes the Infantry with "The Big Parade" and the Air Force with "Wings." The same year Charles A. Lindbergh visits Hollywood after his Atlantic flight. Then sound hits Hollywood with a bang.

NOW READ ON:

"The Miracle." I went back to the hotel, picked up our car, and had myself a moonlight tour of Salzburg. A lovelier place in the moonlight I have never seen. It is not bad in the daytime, either!

The young man had a commission to paint a ballroom in London. He flew to England; after we'd gathered up Caroline we flew after him. The artist showed me London as few Americans ever see it.

Frances' immediate project was a dog. She searched the town until she found an English bulldog with a pedigree as long as your arm. Her prized Great Dane had died before we left on the trip, and she had to take a bulldog back to Fred.

While Frances rushed home to California, I stayed on in New York for a part in a new play titled "To-morrow." During rehearsals the thought crossed my mind that "To-morrow" would never come, and I suspected the play was not

an hour to-morrow night?" she begged me. No one expected a happy Christmas.

After taking Bill with me to deliver our presents, I dropped him off at home and made tracks to the hospital.

As I got off the elevator on the floor where Fred was, I heard a horrible sound; hard, labored breathing. I was told it came from Fred's room. And there seemed to be much confusion in the corridor—people milling around, chatting nonchalantly, as though they didn't hear this dreadful sound. Friends of Fred's, I was told.

I found Frances in her room across the corridor. "What are all those people doing out there?" I demanded.

"They love him—I can't tell them to go. I think he knows his friends are outside; it must comfort him."

Then her friends started to congregate. Charlie and Virginia Farrell were taken in to see Fred. Marie Dressler barged in like a schooner under full sail. "I'll stay the night," she said firmly. Frances gave me a sick look and shook her head. She and I both knew that if Marie said she was going to stay, she'd stay. Nothing short of death would ever budge her.

"Would you like to see Fred?" Frances asked me vaguely.

I went into his room. I knew this man was dying, although I'd never seen a person near death before.

As we turned to the corridor the doctor arrived. "What are all these people doing here?" he inquired. Then, without waiting for an answer, he asked me to help clear them out.

"I can do it all, except for one person," I said. "Marie Dressler. We won't be able to budge her."

"Leave that to me," he snapped.

After clearing the corridor, I put on my coat and hat and said good-night to Frances. Marie said to me "I'm staying. The doctor asked me to."

"Oh, fine," I said, walking slowly to the elevator.

Before I got there Marie called out, "Wait for me, Hedda. I'll go with you."

She'd sent her chauffeur home and got reluctantly into my jalopy. We had no conversation on the way home. I was too full of what I'd seen to talk, and was suffering for Frances, who didn't seem to comprehend that the end was near.

I dropped Marie at her house. As I was driving into my garage some flash, intuition, some message from the spirit world—call it what you will—made me back out of the driveway and go back to the hospital at top speed.

As I walked through the front door a sister exclaimed softly, "Oh, I'm so glad you've come! Mr. Thompson just died!"

Frances was upstairs with the doctor. She couldn't fully realize what had happened. I said I'd take her home and asked the doctor to give me some sleeping pills for her.

To be continued

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# Fashion PATTERNS

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F2712. — Smart summer two-piece, a sleeveless dress and reversible stole. Sizes 32in. to 38in. bust. Requires: Dress, 4yds. 36in. check material; stole, 1yd. 36in. check material and 1yd. 36in. plain material. Price, 4/6.

F2716



F2713. — Tailored daytime dress styled with a front-buttoned bodice fastening and unpursed pleats in the skirt. Sizes 32in. to 38in. bust. Requires 5yds. 36in. material. Price, 3/6.

F2714. — Chic bare-top one-piece and matching short-cut bolero jacket. Both have braid trim. Sizes 32in. to 38in. bust. Requires 4yds. 36in. material and 6yds. braid. Price, 4/6.

F2716. — A pretty nightgown designed with bodice fullness and a ribbon sash. Sizes 32in. to 38in. bust. Requires 3yds. 36in. floral material, 4yd. 36in. plain material, plus 4yd. 36in. material for piping, and 2yds. 1 1/2in. ribbon for sash. Price, 4/6.

F2717. — A button-up dressing-gown with a contrast trim. Sizes 32in. to 38in. bust. Requires 4yds. 36in. material, 4yd. 36in. contrast for piping, and 2yds. 1 1/2in. ribbon for sash. Price, 4/6.



## NEEDLEWORK NOTIONS

### No. 514—SMALL GIRL'S FROCK

The frock has a front-button fastening and is obtainable clearly traced ready to make with an easy-to-follow instruction chart. The material is British headcloth, obtainable in white, pale blue, lemon, pink, and green. Sizes: Length 18in. for 2 years, 18/9, postage and registration 1/6 extra; 20in. for 3 years, 19/11, postage and registration 1/6 extra; 22in. for 4 years, 24/9, postage and registration 1/6 extra; 24in. for 5 years, 26/3, postage and registration 1/6 extra.

### No. 515—SMALL GIRL'S PINAFORE FROCK AND BLOUSE

The pinafore and blouse are cut out ready to make with an easy-to-follow instruction chart. The material for the pinafore is a small check cotton in green and white, red and white, and blue and white. The blouse is white organdy. Sizes: Length 18in. for 2 years, 17/6, blouse 11/6; 20in. for 3 years, 18/3, blouse 12/3; 22in. for 4 years, 21/6, blouse 12/9; 24in. for 5 years, 23/9, blouse 14/6. Postage and registration for pinafore, 1/6 extra; for blouse, 1/- extra; and complete, 2/- extra.

### No. 516—WATER-LILY BUCHESE SET

The set consists of three mats clearly traced ready to embroider on fine Irish linen in blue, lemon, pink, cream, and white. The centre mat measures 12in. x 17in. and the two smaller mats 8in. x 9in. The embroidery is worked in buttonhole-stitch and stem-stitch in pastel shades of pink, green, and white. Price, 7/11. Postage and registration, 10d. extra.

### No. 517—ONE-PIECE FROCK

The frock has a white pique collar and matching cuffs, and is obtainable cut out ready to make with an easy-to-follow instruction chart. The material is check gingham in red and white, sage-blue and white, green and white, and navy and white. Sizes: 22in. and 24in. bust, 26/2; 26in. and 28in. bust, 28/3. Postage and registration, 1/9 extra.

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By June Wetherell

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# Unconventional house causes stir



**T**HE unconventional design of this family home, planned by architect Harry Seidler and built on a steep, rocky site at Castlecrag, N.S.W., has created a great deal of interest. Mr. Seidler at first experienced difficulty in obtaining permission to build it. Other pictures and the plans of the house are on following pages. Mr. Seidler won the 1952 Sulman Prize for architectural design. He believes that traditional houses allow small scope for "the intelligent planning of furniture."

**DRAMATIC COMPOSITION.** The eastern side of the house at Castlecrag designed by architect Harry Seidler shows the "butterfly" roof and the complementary styling of the staircase and the terraces. The living-room and the bedrooms open on to the terraces and panoramic views of Sydney Harbor.



**LEFT:** This is the view from the "balcony" of the main bedroom looking down on the living-room and towards the dining-room and kitchen. Ramps which lead up and down can be seen on the left side.

**ABOVE:** The children's room is divided by a free-standing cupboard unit. The unit, which is of natural timber, has brightly colored panels and a blackboard which encourages the children not to draw on the walls.



Continued from page 47

## Three-level house

UNLIKE the conventional two or three storied house in which the levels are built on top of each other, the "open-planned" home which architect Harry Seidler designed at Castlecrag, N.S.W., is made up of three levels connected by ramps. It is something of an engineering triumph.

The house is built of steel, timber, and brick,

with brick the least important material.

The most daring feature of the structure is the upper main bedroom, which is supported by two cantilevered steel beams and juts out over a huge rock formation.

A reproduction of the plan is on the opposite page.

From the front door can be seen practically the whole interior of the house—a series of open rooms on three levels.

Through the glass walls to the east is a panoramic view of Sydney Harbor.

The front door is in the middle section of the house. On this floor are the laundry, a combined wash, cloak, and "utility" room, the kitchen, and the dining-room.

The kitchen and the dining area are separated by a special unit which has drawers and cupboards which may be opened from either room. On the kitchen side of the unit there is a work counter.

Below are the living-room

LIVING-ROOM photographed from the upper ramp shows the fireplace which serves both living-room and study. Fluorescent lighting above the gold-colored curtains gives a glow to the whole area.

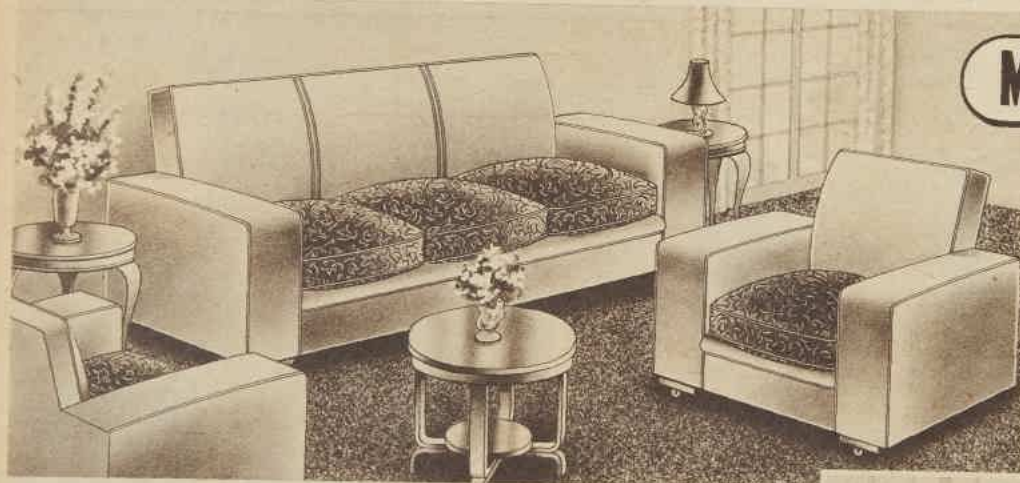


VIEW from the main entrance, looking down to the living-room and study and up to the main bedroom. The bedroom balustrade is of natural oiled wood. Heavy curtains can be drawn for privacy.



SOUTH-WESTERN ASPECT of the house at Castlecrag, N.S.W., designed by architect Harry Seidler. Windows of the bathrooms on the cantilevered section are of rough-cast glass. The fixed vertical louvers on the western wall protect the glass area from western sun. In the foreground is the wall of the garage.

HOME LOVERS WILL WANT TO SEE THESE MAGNIFICENT LOUNGE SUITES! THEY'RE SPLENDID VALUES!



THE "ELVIN" 3-PIECE SUITE, LOOSE CUSHIONS £79/17/6

Built for comfort, exceptionally well sprung. Sound and modern construction. The covering is in washable, durable VYNEX. The cushions covered in plain and figured velvets, or in plain and figured uncut moquette to tone. £79/17/6.

THE "ELMER" 3-PIECE CONTEMPORARY SUITE £58/17/6

The construction is sound. Seats and backs are well sprung. The shaped, buttoned back is just the right height for comfort. Covered in durable VYNEX. Select your own colour from the big Vynex range. An outstanding value at only £58/17/6.

### MARCUS CLARK'S

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**Vynex**  
PLASTIC COATED FABRIC

This covering is of washable, durable plastic that comes in a big range of delightful colours. Either of these two suites available in your colour choice. See the full colour range and the suite below in colour in the "Vynex" advertisement in this issue.



### MARCUS CLARK'S

CENTRAL SQUARE, SYDNEY  
EASY TERMS AVAILABLE



## Sloping ramps used in place of stairways

and the study. These are separated by a massive double-sided fireplace standing in the middle of the floor.

The living-room and the study are reached by walking down a ramp which leads from just inside the front door.

There is another ramp which goes up to the bedrooms and bathrooms on the top level. The balcony-like main bedroom overlooks the lower levels (see picture in color on page 47).

Mr. Seidler insulated the house and gave it an excellent aspect. These two factors, plus the absence of dividing walls, keep it uniformly cool in summer and warm in winter.

The entire eastern wall of the building is glass. From the study and bedrooms brightly painted doors open on to terraces. An 11ft. wide steel-framed plate-glass door links the living-room, so with the door open the living space is doubled, making it ideal for entertaining.

In the southern and western walls there is only a small amount of glass. On the western side, fixed louvers protect the glass and the upward ramp from the afternoon sun, yet provide extra light indoors.

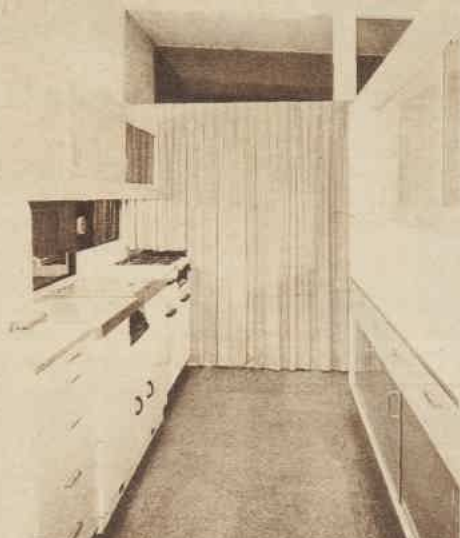
With the general lightness and airiness which the open plan of the house allows there is no possibility of anyone ever experiencing a "shut-in" feeling.

The use of ramps instead of staircases is, of course, a radical departure from the conventional type of house.

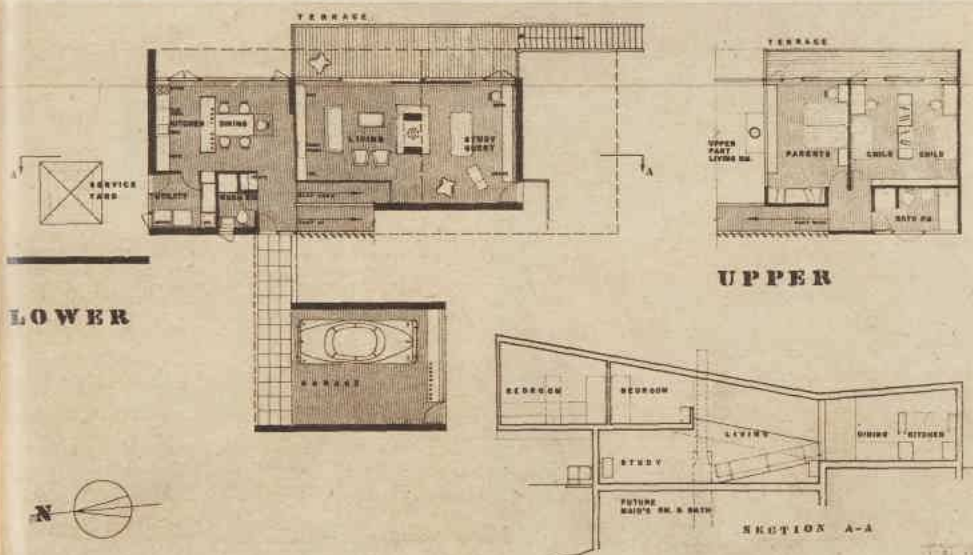
Walking on the gentle carpeted slopes of the ramps is far less tiring than climbing stairs.

The inside walls are mostly pale grey. As a dramatic contrast, primary colors have been used on the sliding panels of the cupboards and the built-in cabinet in the living-room.

The upholstery in the living-room is blue-grey, while the cushions repeat the primary colors of the panelling.

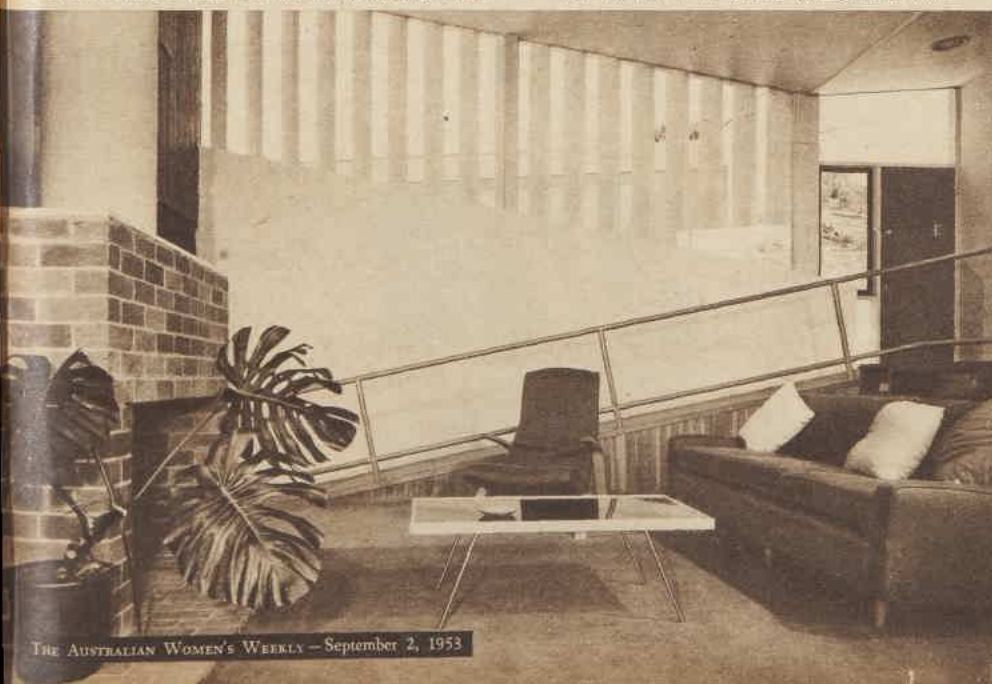


ALONG ONE SIDE of the kitchen are the stove, sink and other equipment. On the opposite side, only 4ft. 6in. away, is a unit that separates the kitchen from the dining-room.



ABOVE: Floor and sectional plans of architect Harry Seidler's design for a family home at Castlecrag, N.S.W., which was built by Hall and Sons, of Northbridge, N.S.W.

BELOW: View of living-room from the terrace shows the "scissors" effect of the ramps, the louvers beyond the glass area. At right is the brightly painted front door.

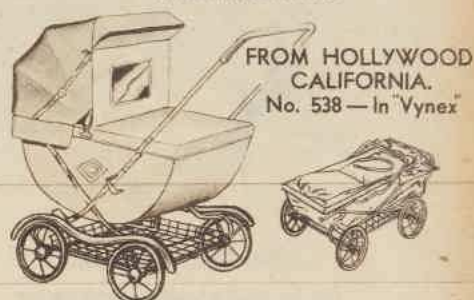


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FROM HOLLYWOOD  
CALIFORNIA.  
No. 538 - In "Vynex"



FROM MAYFAIR,  
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No. 536 - Dual-purpose  
Pramette - In  
"VYNEX"

as pram or stroller



FROM AUSTRALIA.  
Stork "Strolaway"

Features:

- ☆ Safety Footbrake
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"For Baby's healthier  
tomorrow -  
Buy it new -  
Don't borrow"

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Stork Prams and  
strollers are sold by  
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difficulty write to  
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of Stork Products  
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ALEXANDRIA.  
They will advise  
your nearest  
distributor.





NOW -

*Murray*

TUBULAR DINETTES

*in colours to make your heart sing!*

Colour is the cue to an arrestingly different dinette! Murray introduces a brand new idea in tubular chairs (with matching "Laminex"-topped tables!). Now you can have tubular chairs all in lighthearted, zestful colour; handsome "Vynex" upholstery; frames in light, strong steel tubing, finished in glowing iridescent baked enamel that's a joy to see.

Choose from a range of harmonising or contrasting schemes. Buy chairs or tables separately or as a group. Check the list of retailers on the opposite page and see the new, colourful Murray Tubular Furniture to-day!

CHAIRS LUXURIOUSLY UPHOLSTERED IN

**Vynex**  
PLASTIC COATED FABRIC

"Vynex," the superbly pliable, yet immensely strong plastic material, was chosen for upholstering Murray chairs for many reasons. "Vynex" resists the most vigorous scuffing; is not easily spoiled by grease and food stains.

An occasional wipe over with a damp cloth will keep the "Vynex" colours bright as ever.

"Vynex" is available in a wide variety of textures and colours. Some of the most popular are shown here. (Chair cushions in either Dunlopillo or flock.)



TABLES HANDSOMELY TOPPED IN  
GLORIOUSLY COLOURED, PRACTICAL

**LAMINEX**  
THE ULTIMATE IN SURFACING MATERIALS

Of all surfacing materials "Laminex" is unique. It has remarkable stability of colour, great scratch resistance, long life and the ability to withstand temperatures up to 275° F. It resists stains and its attractive surface is extremely easy to keep clean. Here are some of the most popular patterns—



1. Table finished in bird's-eye maple "Laminex," chairs in a warm biscuit shade of "Vynex." Tubing black.

2. Table finished in red pearl "Laminex," chairs in brilliant red "Vynex." Tubing mauve.

3. Table finished in green marble "Laminex," chairs in mid-green "Vynex." Tubing lettuce-green.



Every Murray dinette table has been designed to match the chair styles. Each features a genuine "Laminex" top, perfectly bonded under heat and pressure to either a solid core or plywood base.



# Where to buy Murray Tubular Dinettes

## CITY

Anthony Horderns Ltd.  
Australian Home Furnishers Ltd.  
Bachelors Ltd.  
Beard Watson & Co. Ltd.  
Bebartfalds Ltd.  
Bon Marche Ltd.  
A. W. Booth Pty. Ltd.  
J. A. Booth & Co. Pty. Ltd.  
Bryants Ltd.  
Buckingham's Ltd.  
W. W. Campbell & Co. Ltd.  
Cowells White House Pty. Ltd.  
Davidson & Co. Pty. Ltd.  
Edward Arnold Ltd.  
E. G. Glass & Co. Pty. Ltd.  
R. H. Gordon Ltd.  
Grace Bros. Pty. Ltd.

Griffiths Bros. Ltd.  
A. Hall & Co. Ltd.  
Kelly's Furniture Pty. Ltd.  
Lloyd's Furniture Pty. Ltd.  
Marcus Clark & Co. Ltd.  
Mark Foy's Ltd.  
Morley Johnson Ltd.  
Murdoch's Ltd.  
F. A. Nicholas & Sons Pty. Ltd.  
Nock & Kirby Ltd.  
R. M. O'Keefe Pty. Ltd.  
Oxford Square Furnishing Co. Pty. Ltd.  
Royal Art Furnishing Pty. Ltd.  
Simpson Lee & Co. Ltd.  
Symonds' Furnishing Pty. Ltd.  
Winns Ltd.  
L. Young & Co.

## SUBURBAN

AUBURN  
Amalgamated Furnishing Co.  
BALMAIN  
J. B. Sharp Pty. Ltd.  
BONDI JUNCTION  
Sid Brandon Pty. Ltd.  
T. Wills Pulsford Pty. Ltd.  
Stone's Home Furnishers  
BURWOOD  
Stirling Furniture Co.  
BANKSTOWN  
Century Furnishers Pty. Ltd.  
Madewell Furnishing Co.  
CARINGBAH  
H. & M. Stuart Pty. Ltd.  
CHATSWOOD  
Chatswood Furnishing Co.  
Lander Bros. Pty. Ltd.

CROW'S NEST  
Lander Bros. Pty. Ltd.  
EASTWOOD  
T. A. Small Pty. Ltd.  
HOBNSBY  
Olney's Pty. Ltd.  
T. W. Wright  
HURSTVILLE  
Amalgamated Furnishing Co.  
T. Wills Pulsford Pty. Ltd.  
KOGARAH  
Mays Furniture Store  
MANLY  
Dobbs Bros. Pty. Ltd.  
Mays Furniture Store  
MARRICKVILLE  
Marrickville Furnishing Co. Pty. Ltd.  
NEWTOWN  
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Guille & Co. Pty. Ltd.  
R. H. Gordon & Co. Ltd.  
Leslie Symonds  
NORTH SYDNEY  
Hobsons Pty. Ltd.  
PARRAMATTA  
Geo. Purdue  
Grace Bros. Pty. Ltd.  
Murray Bros. (Pmta) Ltd.  
Newtown Furnishing Co.  
PETERSHAM  
Lyons Furniture  
ROCKDALE  
Rockdale Furnishers  
ROZELLE  
T. H. Minifie Pty. Ltd.  
SUMMER HILL  
Hodgson's Pty. Ltd.

## COUNTRY

ALBURY  
Maples  
ARMIDALE  
A. W. Booth Pty. Ltd.  
J. Richardson Pty. Ltd.  
BATHURST  
Bathurst Furnishing Co.  
Camberg's Furnishing Co.  
BOOROWA  
J. J. Cummins  
CAMPBELLTOWN  
P. A. Stores  
CANBERRA  
Stan Cusack  
COOMA  
Hain & Co.  
COWEA  
Reid Smith & Co.  
Squire Pepper & Co.  
Western Stores & Edgley's  
COOTAMUNDRA  
Maples Ltd.  
John Meagher Pty. Ltd.  
CROOKWELL  
Carey's  
DUBBO  
Marcus Clark Ltd.  
Western Stores & Edgley's  
FORBES  
A. Hughes & Co.  
John Meagher & Co.  
GLEN INNES  
C. H. Sully  
GOULBURN  
J. Craig & Sons  
GOSFORD  
C. H. Brown & Son  
GRIFFITH  
Longs  
GUNNEDAM  
Hayle & Treloar Pty. Ltd.  
Sessions & Vinals  
GRAFTON  
A. Toller & Co.

INVERELL  
Burge Bros. Pty. Ltd.  
Inverell Furnishing Co.  
KEMPSEY  
A. W. Booth Pty. Ltd.  
W. Campbell & Co.  
M. Harvey & Sons  
LITHGOW  
Finley's Furniture Arcade  
MAITLAND  
A. S. Mehan & Son  
MUDGE  
J. Loneragan Pty. Ltd.  
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TAMWORTH  
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LIVING-ROOM has peppermint-green walls, white ceiling, off-white rugs, and white curtains blocked in green. Chair covers are lime-green, off-white with green stripes, and white-dotted wine-colored fabric. Sofas have off-white covers and bright cushions.

## SWEDISH HOME

● Swedish architects plan their houses on simple, straightforward lines.

THE house of Dr. and Mrs. Eric Carlens, at Kragen, Stockholm, Sweden, which is illustrated on this page, is a typical example of a modern Swedish house.

Although the house is built solidly to withstand the rigors of the long northern winter, the design is anything but sombre. Large areas of glass give maximum light and sunshine, and the skilful use of color, light furniture, fabrics, and flowering plants and shrubs creates an illusion of tropical warmth.

The Carlens' home is a centre of hospitality for visiting doctors from other countries. The four children, whose ages range from six to 12 years, always join their parents in welcoming guests.

Every guest is asked to sign the visitors' book, called the "Piggy Book." The guest is blindfolded and must draw a pig.

Looking through the crammed book, I was surprised to notice that all the Australian drawings looked like horses, but a Chicago doctor left an almost perfect sketch of a pig.

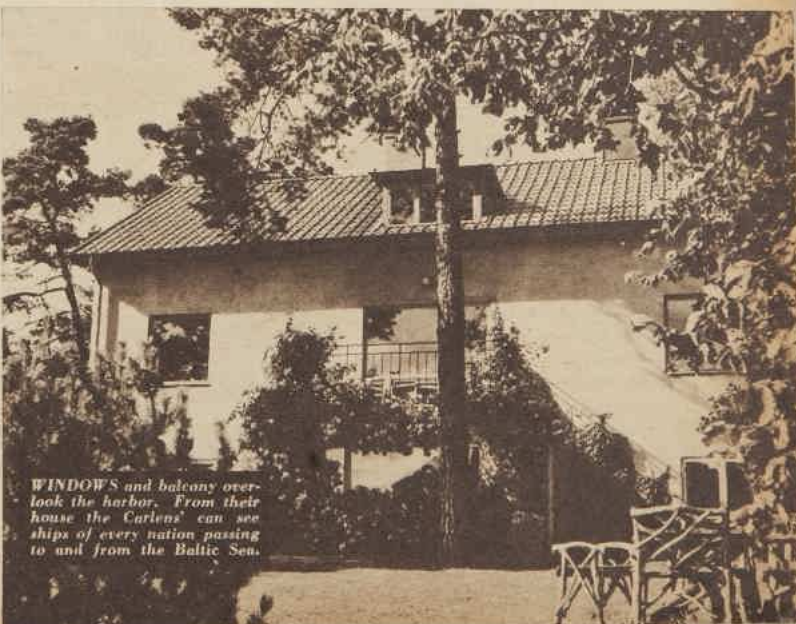
—EVE GYE



GUEST-ROOM in the home of Dr. and Mrs. Eric Carlens has white walls and a green carpet. Curtains and dressing-table skirt are yellow linen. The mirror is framed in cane.



DINING-ROOM has an old Swedish clock painted in muted pastels which set the color scheme of the room. Modern pictures and rich old embroideries decorate the walls.



WINDOWS and balcony overlook the harbor. From their house the Carlens can see ships of every nation passing to and from the Baltic Sea.



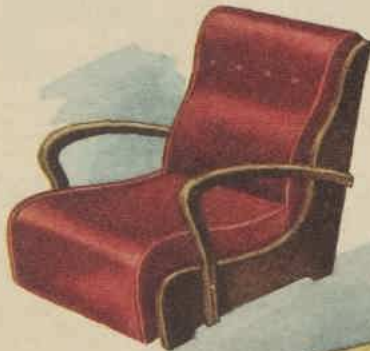
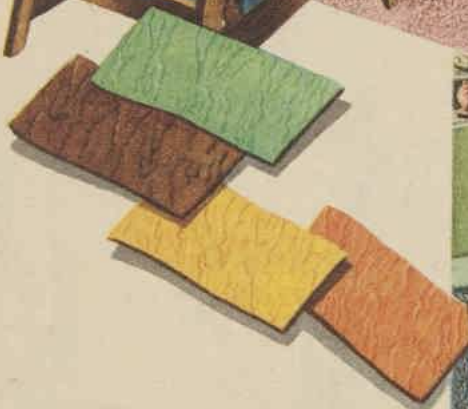
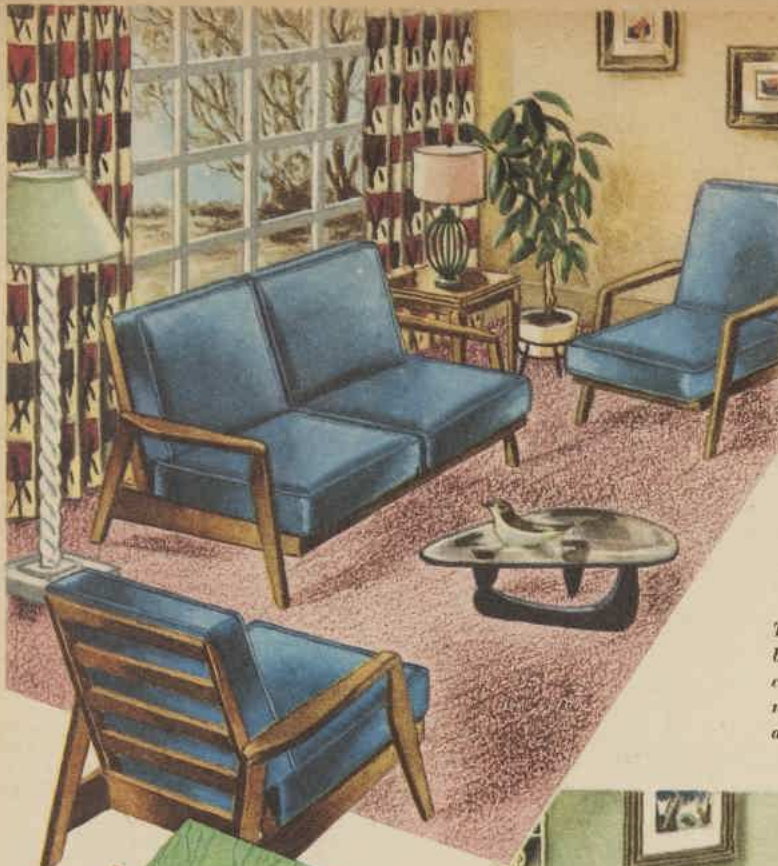
GRACE BROS. OFFER SYDNEY'S MOST FAVORABLE  
CREDIT TERMS

# GRACE BROS

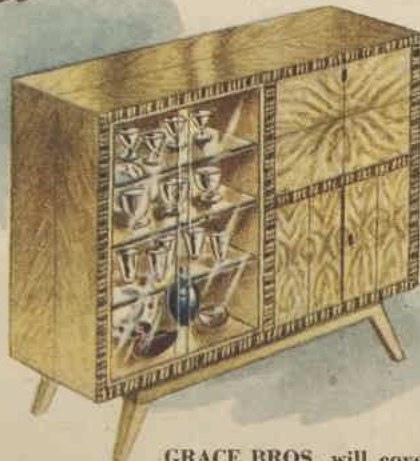
## New, Contemporary Furniture featuring . . .



The modestly-priced Lounge Suite is designed to give your home more beauty and a lifetime of luxurious comfort. The deep "Dunlopillo" cushions are beautifully covered in durable, washable "Vynex" in a new, exciting shade of Blue. The two Easy Chairs and two-seater Settee are priced at only . . . . . **£84/10/-**



"Peerless" Easy Chair, restful and relaxing with its "Dunlopillo" cushioning. A warm, Red shade in "Vynex" has been chosen for the covering, and the extra service this tough fabric provides is going to be appreciated for the most-used chair in the home. The high back ensures head support, and the depth of the chair means more comfort. Frame is finished in a walnut color. Price . . . . . **£37**



GRACE BROS. will cover Suites and Pieces in "Vynex" of your own color preference.



Rich walnut veneers highlight this modern 7-piece Dining Suite, so sensibly designed for to-day's living. It's a suite you'll enjoy living with for a lifetime. The handsome Combination Buffet has sliding glass front, and a spacious cocktail servery. The five chairs have sprung seats covered with serviceable "Vynex" in Fawn shade. (Note the unique corner chair, it's surprisingly useful on occasions.) The Extension Table opens to 6ft. x 3ft. from its normal size of 4ft. x 3ft. 7 pieces are keenly priced at . . . . . **£144**  
Extra chairs cost £9-10-0 each.

Swedish-style Combination Cocktail Cabinet, in blonde finish, with sliding glass doors and cocktail servery. A charming and distinctive piece of furniture. Fitted with three Glass Shelves and generous storage space. Price . . . . . **£73/6/9**





## BRINGING AN OLD ROOM UP TO DATE

By JOAN MARTIN

A friend, who lives in the country, wanted to modernise her guestroom and asked me to suggest how she could do it without spending more money than she could afford.

**T**HE room was large, and, as in so many old-fashioned houses, had a big fireplace and a high ceiling.

The dark brown furniture varied in value and appearance, but was predominantly Victorian in style. The wallpaper was floral with a beige background, the carpet an unusual but not unattractive shade of smoky-purple.

The room had great possibilities, but it looked drab, overcrowded, and old-fashioned.

To scrap everything and buy new furnishings would have been too costly, so my friend and I set out to work miracles with expenses cut to the minimum.

The carpet was the starting point for the color scheme. The first thing to do was to strip the walls. Until the dingy paper was removed, it was hard to decide what color would be best to use.

The carpet on its own looked quite lovely, but the smoky-purple color was rather tricky as a basis for decor. To keep the room early-Victorian in mood, my friend and I chose pink-and-white striped wallpaper that contrasted subtly with the carpet.

We used the wallpaper on one

wall only. It looked most attractive, not excessive as it would have on all four walls, and gave character to the room.

The curtains, with their bobble-fringed swag, were made of sheeting. The white gave freshness to the color scheme, which was accented by the dull green velveteen of the chair covers.

When the furniture was painted, the chest of drawers needed decoration, so we used wallpaper again. This paper was an expensive imported one, in a design of birds, butterflies, and flowers, but it took very little to cover the chest. One roll did the job, and there was enough over to cover some hat-boxes.

When the room was finished it looked cheerful and inviting, the kind of room that makes a guest feel welcome and at home.

The smaller picture on this page shows that the masculine guest-room, furnished with the barest essentials, can still be colorful.

The days are gone when drab colors were considered manly. Today the accent is on color.

This little room would be suitable for a weekender, where comfort rather than decoration is the first consideration.





**Polished nails  
tell the world  
you care  
about yourself!**



Little things tell strangers a great deal about you . . . and your hands can say a lot!

Polished nails, either coloured or tinted, show that you are fastidious in your care of yourself. What do your hands say? So easy for them to say

"Here is someone who is careful about grooming". For the extra sparkle and the extra wear of CUTEX gives long lasting glinting perfection to your nails. Famous CUTEX NAIL POLISH contains 'ENAMELON', the miracle ingredient that lasts and lasts . . . resists chipping and peeling longer than any other polish



Write to Department 'A', Box 21, Oakleigh, Victoria for the Cutex Colour Harmony pamphlet telling you the correct shade to wear with the latest fashions.

**Always use CUTEX Oily Polish Remover**

**LABORATORY  
TESTS PROVE—**

**EGGS**  
are the perfect  
all-round food!



**BACK TO MANDALAY**

By Lowell Thomas

General Wingate got the opportunity to implement some of his unorthodox ideas of warfare in his Burma campaign. With American personnel and material added to his British forces, these methods had conspicuous success.

17/6 from all Booksellers.

## Continuing . . . **Murder Among Those Present** *from page 5*

wife, but, if the story is correct, he was undoubtedly murdered—and brutally so!

I felt myself paling and looked at Ann. Every vestige of color had left her face and she looked as if she were about to faint. I wanted to go to her, but hesitated to draw attention to her reaction. I knew that her thought was the same as my own: had Mr. Devlin had time to complete his list?

I realised that Mr. Marsh was speaking again.

"Unfortunately, the children are bound to hear about it in the lunch hour, and they will inevitably have many garbled and gruesome rumors to exchange. I want you three to do all you can to counteract the bad effect it is bound to produce. I must ask you all to act as calmly and normally as possible: prevent the children discussing the affair to the best of your ability, and keep their minds fully occupied, during school hours at least. We can't prevent them from listening to talk in their own homes, but I want to keep as sane and healthy an atmosphere as possible within the school. I know you will all do your best."

We all promised gravely. "It is time to bring them in now," said the Head. "I don't think any of them will have heard the news as yet, so we have a short breathing space."

He gave us no opportunity for discussion, but led us out to the playground to assemble and drill our classes. I had a dozen questions I wanted to ask, but I knew that I would have to wait. I was bound to hear details sooner or later—probably more than I wished.

When the children were dismissed at lunchtime Ann came into my room. "What do you suppose it means, Noel?" she asked in a husky whisper.

"It can only mean one thing. Either through Miss Bates' infernal tongue or through some action on poor old Devlin's part the murderer has been put on his guard and has acted swiftly to prevent Devlin telling what he knew."

"Yes," she agreed with stiff lips.

I knew she realised, as well as I did, that at least one person whom we knew had cause to fear the chemist's revelations. My heart ached for her, but I sought in vain for words to comfort her.

"We had better be getting home for lunch," I ventured after a small silence.

"Lunch!" said Ann with revulsion, but she moved obediently towards the door.

When I reached home I found that the news had preceded me. Ailsa was full of it. "Isn't it dreadful, Noel! Poor

old Mr. Devlin. Whoever could have wanted to hurt him? He was such a harmless old chap. Mrs. Carter was telling me that several people noticed that he didn't open his shop sharp at nine as usual, but they didn't think much of it at first. Then Mrs. Thomas came to clean for him—she 'does' for him regularly, you know—and she went in the side gate and round the back as usual, and a few minutes later she came tearing out into the street, screaming like a mad thing and calling for the police.

"Mrs. Carter took her into the back of the store and calmed her a bit while someone ran for the police. Constable Willis came first, and then he sent post-haste for Sergeant Blackwood. Just fancy that poor man, bashed to death with his own door-stop! It seems too awful to be true, doesn't it? Maybe someone thought he had a lot of money hidden away there or something."

She was almost incoherent, and I stopped her as quickly as possible. I didn't feel I wanted to hear any more.

"Belinda is listening, Ailsa," I said warningly. "Do you think we should discuss this sort of thing in front of her?" "No. I suppose not," said Ailsa reluctantly. "I must get your lunch, too, or you'll be late back."

"Somehow I don't feel hungry. I think I'll just have a cup of tea."

"Nonsense. You must eat. You can't work on an empty stomach. You don't want to let things upset you like that. Of course, it's dreadful, but, after all, it doesn't really mean anything to you, does it?"

I made a pretence of eating to satisfy her, and lost no time in getting back to school. As Mr. Marsh had predicted, the children had heard the news during the lunch hour, and little groups huddled together in corners, discussing the murder and exchanging rumors in excited whispers.

Sylvia, who was on duty, was moving around the yard trying to get the children playing games, but she obviously felt it a hopeless task. Ann and I joined her, and did our best to help, but the children were not to be diverted. Not only did they want to discuss it among themselves, but they wanted our views also.

"Oh, Miss Graham, isn't it awful!" said one bright urchin to Ann. "Mum thinks there must be a lunatic going round Sutton killing people. Do you think that, Miss Graham? Oo! I wonder who he'll kill next." Poor Ann's reply was almost inaudible, and I quickly inter-

To page 56

## For weeks I never slept a wink! . .

If your baby keeps you up at night it is probably due to his delicate digestion. It's time you gave him Benger's Food. By a unique self-digestive principle Benger's modifies cows' milk to resemble human milk—soothes and calms the most sensitive stomach and allows your baby to absorb the nourishment it needs without pain or strain. All this is explained fully in "The Mother and Her Child", a complete compendium on mothercraft which the makers of Benger's Food will gladly present to parents sending their name and address.



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33, MOUNTAIN STREET, ULTIMO, SYDNEY, N.S.W.

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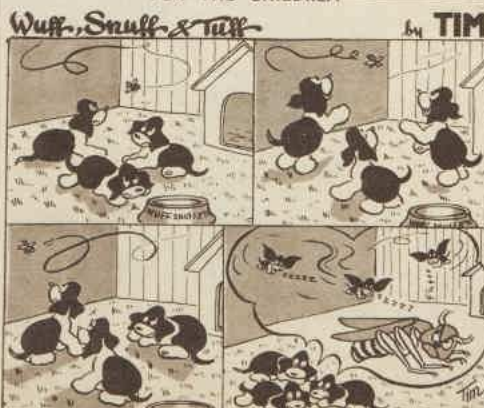
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vened and sent the child away.

The rest of the afternoon was sheer torture. The children were quite unable to settle down, and, though I tried every expedient to keep their attention on their work, I knew I was fighting a losing battle. Even a story—usually a high-light of any day—failed to engross them, and I dismissed them at the end of the day feeling physically and mentally exhausted. They trooped out and I heard their shouts and chatter in the yard.

The rest of the staff had dismissed their classes with equal celerity, and, for a time, the rooms were full of a confused jumble of sound from the playground, but none of the children was anxious to dally at school when there was so much of interest to see and hear outside. Soon the noise died away, and silence flowed back into the empty classrooms. Almost at once Ann entered the room.

"Noel, I can't stand this," she said without preamble. "All these rumors and speculations are driving me mad. Do you think you could get hold of Tony? He is sure to have the authentic story."

"I can try. Let's go over to the post office and we'll ring his home. Even if he is not there, Aunt Bea will probably know where he is or his father may be able to help us."

Just as we were about to leave, however, a clatter outside heralded the arrival of Mrs. Thomas. She looked pale and drawn, but she greeted us normally enough. "Good afternoon, Miss Vicary; Miss Graham."

Seeing us dressed for departure, she hurried into speech. Now that she had partly recovered from her shock, she was anxious to relate her experience to any receptive audience.

## Continuing . . . Murder Among Those Present

"I suppose you didn't rightly expect me this afternoon, after what I bin through this morning, but I thought I might as well come. What I says is, a job of work helps when you're upset. Keeps your mind off it, like. Not that I can get my mind off it. Fair makes me sick to think about it, it does."

It made me sick to hear about it, and I dreaded the effect on Ann in her present emotional state, but there was no escape. Mrs. Thomas leaned in the doorway, and, like a hapless wedding guest, we had no choice but to listen.

"I went round this morning to do out his house like I do regular each week, and I noticed the shop wasn't open, but I didn't give it much thought. When I got round the back, I could see a light burning in that little back room he calls his study. That's odd, I think to myself, for he was always a careful sort of man. When I knocked, there was no answer, so I tried the door. It wasn't locked, so I went in, calling out, 'Are you there, Mr. Devlin?' but there wasn't a sound. I thought maybe he'd been taken ill, so I hurried into the study. There he was, sprawled over the table as if he'd just been getting up from his chair when he was hit." She shuddered convulsively.

After a moment she went on, "I could see what he'd been hit with—an old flat-iron he used to have as a door-stop for the kitchen door. I'd seen it often enough before. He must have been writing at his table—there was a bottle of ink spilled over the table and on to the floor. I suppose he knocked it over as he fell. Nice mess it made, too. I couldn't wait to see

no more. I just ran out and called the police. It gave me a turn, I can tell you. It's a wicked, cruel shame, that's what it is. A nice old man like Mr. Devlin! There's some fiend at work in Sutton, mark my words. I told you that when my poor Joy was killed, Miss Vicary, and this just proves it. I'll bet it's the same person, though why he should pick on Mr. Devlin I don't know."

"We don't, either, Mrs. Thomas," I soothed, "but the police will catch him in the end. He won't get away with it forever."

"Well, all I can say is they'd better hurry up and catch him before he does someone else in. I heard that detective from Hobart is coming up again. Let's hope he finds out a bit more this time than he did about poor Joy. None of us can rest easy in our beds while this is going on."

I murmured agreement and made a determined effort to

from page 54

break away. Ann seemed temporarily incapable of either speaking or moving of her own volition. I took her arm and, bidding Mrs. Thomas a firm good-bye, we escaped.

"Well," I said grimly when we reached the fresh air, "have you had enough details or do you still want me to get in touch with Tony?"

Ann set her soft lips obstinately. "There is still a lot I want to know. Please ring Tony, Noel."

"Just as you like."

We walked a few steps in silence. "I wonder if Vin has heard," said Ann at last. "I just couldn't bear to be the one to tell him."

"Why not?"

"Don't you see? If Mr. Devlin died before he had time to make out that list there is no way of knowing whether Vin's name was on it or not. I was so hoping that he would be

cleared of that suspicion at least."

It didn't seem to have occurred to her that it was now equally impossible to prove that Vin's name had been on the list. It had, however, struck me forcibly.

I had no doubt at all why the chemist had died and, as far as I could see, Vin had as good a motive as anyone else. All my old suspicions had revived with greater force, and I wondered at Ann's blind loyalty. I hoped desperately, for her sake, that it would prove justified, but I was not really hopeful.

We passed out of the school gates and made our way along the main street. There were more people about than on a market day. Almost everyone seemed to have found it necessary to go shopping, and groups of people stood, talking vigorously, at intervals all along the streets. We crossed the road to avoid the crowd that stood staring with gaping curiosity at the chemist's shop, blank and silent between Mrs. Carter's store and the bank, both of which seemed to be abnormally busy.

"Ghouls!" said Ann disgustedly.

It was a relief to reach the post office and we were fortunate to find the public telephone free. We both squeezed into the booth and I asked for Tony's number.

It was never safe to say anything at all confidential over the phone in Sutton, for no departmental regulations could have curbed the curiosity of the two girls on the exchange. When Aunt Bea's deep voice answered, I contented myself with asking if Tony was at home, but both he and his

father were at the hospital for an emergency operation.

"Did you want him for anything special, Noel? Arnold is taking the surgery to-night, so Tony should be free this evening. Why don't you come down to tea?"

I explained, as cautiously as possible, that Ann was with me and that we both wanted to see him.

"Bring her, too," boomed Aunt Bea hospitably. "It's ages since we saw her. Nonsense, child! It's no bother. I'll expect you both about six."

Ann agreed to the arrangement. I think she would have agreed to anything at that moment. We separated to go home and tell our respective households, arranging to meet again and go to Tony's together. I knew Ailsa would be annoyed with me, but Ann was more important.

When we arrived, neither of the men had come in, but Aunt Bea bustled about us, making us at home. The mere sight of her—sane, efficient, and practical—cheered me and helped to banish my misgivings. She firmly declined our offers of assistance in the kitchen, settled us in easy chairs in front of the fire, poured us each a glass of sherry, and left us to ourselves while we waited for the men.

I presently felt myself relaxing in the warmth and comfort, and, glancing at Ann, saw with relief that she, too, had lost some of her tension.

A few minutes later we heard the approach of our unconscious hosts, and soon Tony entered the room, closely followed by his father. They both looked worn almost to breaking-point, and Dr. Gray seemed to have aged years since I last saw him.

I realised how deeply they

To page 57



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## Continuing . . . Murder Among Those Present

must both have felt the latest tragedy. Dr. Gray had worked with Mr. Devlin continuously during his years of practice and Tony had known him all his life. Despite their minor differences, they had both felt genuine affection for the old chemist and suffered from a sense of personal loss as well as horror at the callous way in which he had been struck down.

They had interrupted an argument to greet us, and Tony now reopened it. "You are simply tired out, Dad. You must let me take the surgery to-night."

"No, son," said his father wearily. "Let's stick to our normal routine. I am better working than just sitting moping. You can stay here and entertain the girls. I promise I will call you if I feel I need help."

I could see that Tony was dissatisfied, but knowing his father's obstinacy I thought that he had little hope of winning the argument and was not surprised when he shrugged his shoulders and changed the subject.

Our meal was not a gay one. Aunt Bea rose heroically to the occasion and kept the conversation flowing smoothly on mundane subjects. We all supported her as best we could, but I think we were all relieved when the meal ended. Dr. Gray went immediately to the surgery, and Ann and I helped Aunt Bea with the dishes before joining Tony at the fire.

"There is a fire set in your study if you want to take the girls in there, Tony," Aunt Bea suggested.

"No! Please, Miss Gray," said Ann swiftly and warmly, "let us stay out here with you." She didn't say that Aunt Bea's

placid common-sense would lend an air of normality to the most fantastic conversation, but I knew how she felt and smiled approval. Aunt Bea was obviously pleased, but she made no comment and settled herself with her knitting in a corner of the hearth, where she listened to our conversation with bird-like interest, but took no part in it unless directly asked.

"I gather you girls want to talk to me," Tony said. "I suppose it is about this dreadful affair of Devlin. Is it just curiosity?"

"No, Tony, of course not!" I protested quickly, and Ann added quietly, "A little more than curiosity, I think, Tony."

He gave her a compassionate glance and said, "Very well. I will tell you anything I can reasonably do without betraying either professional secrecy or Blackwood's confidence."

"That's fair enough," I agreed. "Mrs. Thomas has told us her story, so we have a good idea of how he died. An attack like that indicates a man, don't you think, Tony?"

"Probably, but not certainly. He was struck from behind and above. I should say he was either sitting or just starting to get up when the first blow fell. A strong woman could have done it, especially if she was desperate."

I digested this in silence as Ann asked, "Do you know what time he was killed, Tony?"

"Not definitely. Fairly late last night, I should say."

"Can't you be more definite than that?" asked Ann, slightly aggrieved. "I thought you doctors could tell quite accurately how long a person had been dead."

"You are as bad as the sergeant," said Tony with the

from page 56

ghost of a grin. "He wanted me to give him a definite time limit, but I couldn't narrow it sufficiently to suit him. I should say not later than eleven."

I did some rapid calculating. We had left the hotel just before closing time, which was ten o'clock. Vin had taken me home first and then Ann. I did not know how long he had spent with her, but he could easily have gone on to the chemist's home after leaving her. If Ann had been hoping to provide him with an alibi, she was to be disappointed. I heard her give a sigh and wondered if her thoughts had been the same as mine.

### I WATCHED

Ann open her lips and close them again, and swiftly asked the question I knew she hesitated to put. "Did Mr. Devlin finish the list Sergeant Blackwood wanted?"

Tony shifted in his chair and moved his long legs uncomfortably. "If he did, we couldn't find it. He had probably been working on it. There was a scrap of paper caught underneath his body, but the police haven't, as yet, found the sheet from which it was torn."

Silence, while we thought it over—a silence that grew more and more threatening. The room was suddenly unbearably close. When Tony spoke, his words did nothing to relieve the tension.

"I don't know that we should be discussing all this. I'm not too popular with Blackwood as it is. He feels I may have said too much already, although he admits that Miss Bates' gossip

could easily have put the murderer on his guard."

Ann broke then. "Vin didn't do it! He didn't!" Her voice was a thin scream, unrecognisable, that lifted us from our chairs.

Tony went to her swiftly, but she beat him off with frantic fists.

"I know what you are all thinking. We told him about the arsenic and the list Devlin was writing. But he didn't do it, I tell you. He couldn't have. He's been wild and silly, I know, but he's no killer. I don't care what you think. You are all stupid. Stupid!"

"Ann, my dear!" It was Aunt Bea's voice, deep and warm. Her strong, old hands took the wildly waving ones in a firm grip; her eyes, kind but compelling, looked steadily into Ann's, forcing her back to sanity. For a moment she struggled and then went suddenly limp.

"I'm sorry. I'm most dreadfully ashamed. Please forgive me." Her eyes, wet and pleading, moved from one to another of us. I felt my own fill and dropped to her side, putting my arms around the body that seemed pitifully small and frail.

"Darling, we've all forgotten it already."

"You've been under strain for a long time, Ann," said Tony gently. "None of us can hold on indefinitely. Noel and I will take you home now. I'll just mix you a draught before you go and then you'll get some sleep."

She drank the medicine obediently and we made haste to take her home. I walked with her from the car to see her safely inside the house. At the door she suddenly turned and clung to me for a brief minute. The impulsive action

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By CAROLYN EARLE

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● Then hand-dry the hair in the sun. Shake it gently and squeeze out the moisture by rubbing strands between your fingers.

● To curb unruliness and restore gloss, sprinkle on a little more hair tonic before combing the hair into position.

moved me unbearably, for Ann was seldom demonstrative. Almost immediately she pulled herself away, straightened her slim shoulders, and turned to open the door. The hand that fitted the key into the lock did not tremble and her voice, as she bade me good-night, was once more firm and controlled.

My thoughts were sombre as I walked back to the car.

"What do you think about Vin, Tony?" I asked as we drove off.

"I don't know what to think. Things certainly don't look too good for him. Unless the police have other suspects of whom we know nothing. I should say they are quite likely to arrest

Vin on suspicion. There is quite a bit of circumstantial evidence against him."

"But that isn't proof, is it? They may have picked up some definite clues this time—fingerprints or something that points to someone quite different."

"We'll hope so, for Ann's sake. I hope they don't arrest young Palmer. Even if he was acquitted, he'd never live it down in a place like this. I don't know what evidence the police have collected. Naturally, Blackwood isn't going to run to me with everything he discovers. I should imagine that whoever killed Devlin was

To page 59

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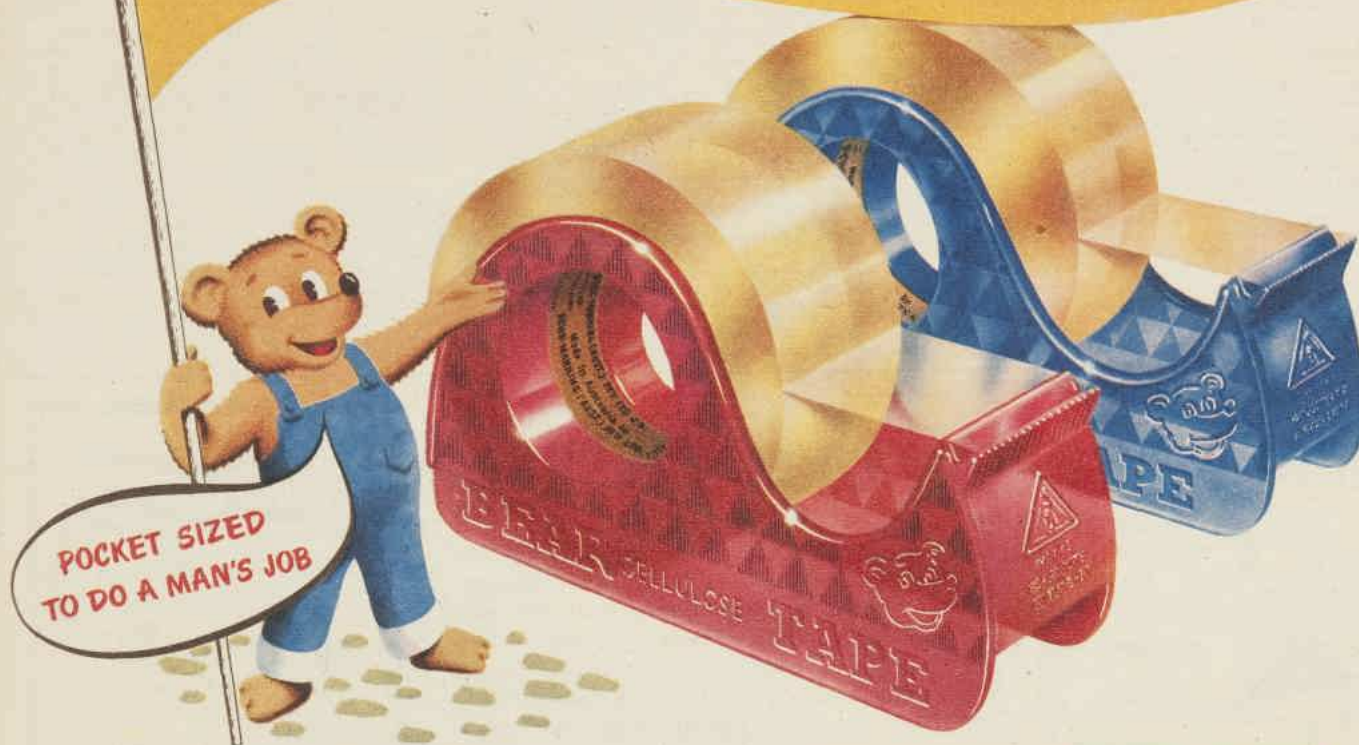
#### LEMON SPONGE PUDDING

 1 cup sugar; 1 level tablespoon butter; juice of 1 lemon; 2 eggs, separated; 1 cup Carnation Milk; 1 cup water; 2 level tablespoons flour; pinch of salt. Cream sugar and butter, add lemon juice, then egg yolks, flour, salt, milk and water. Mix thoroughly and add stiffly beaten egg whites. Pour into pie dish. Stand in water in moderate oven and bake 40 minutes.

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## Continuing . . . Murder Among Those Present

on pretty friendly terms with him and knew his home and his habits thoroughly. The old boy must have let him in—he always locks his doors at night, I know—and there was no sign of any struggle. He obviously wasn't on his guard."

"No one would expect to be knocked down with a flat-iron. You know, the choice of weapon makes it look as though the killer acted on impulse."

"It does, but I'm quite sure this was premeditated. I think it is likely he knew he'd find a weapon ready to his hand, and there again it indicates someone who was familiar with Devlin's home. Oh, let's change the subject. I'm sick to death of the whole affair. It's Blackwood's worry, not ours. Anyway, here you are home."

He added quietly: "I think I'll come round with you and see you right inside your door. Whoever this bird is, he's pretty ruthless, and he's already had one go at you. Do take care of yourself, my dear, especially at night. Don't even go out into the yard alone after dark. It looks as though our chap is getting desperate and you can't afford to take any risks. You're a thorn in my side, but I'd miss you, if I lost you now."

He pushed me gently through the doorway and I thought he had gone, but a moment later the door opened a few inches.

"I'm waiting for you to lock this door," he said crossly. "I meant every word I said, Noel!"

I laughed at him as I hurriedly obeyed, but I was to receive a similar warning from another source. The following day little Janet Blackwood brought me a note in her father's neat writing, requesting me, politely but firmly, to visit him after school that day. I had no choice but to obey the summons.

The sergeant greeted me cheerfully and led me into his little office. As we entered, a cadaverous man unfolded his lean length from a chair near the window and I had my first meeting with the famous "detective from Hobart."

"This is Detective-Inspector Truegood, Miss Vicary."

Inspector Truegood acknowledged the introduction with a distressing lack of enthusiasm. I gained the impression that he disliked women in general and red-headed schoolteachers in particular. It did little to dispel my nervousness. He settled himself again and listened to our conversation with an expression

from page 57

of gloomy boredom, tilting his chair dangerously on its back legs and watching me from weary, half-closed eyes.

He seemed to find the whole affair distasteful beyond words, but I had an uneasy conviction that he would absorb not only every spoken word but every shade of meaning in every half-finished sentence. I pitied my unfortunate wrongdoer who tried to get the better of Mr. Truegood. I turned with relief to the homely, familiar figure of Sergeant Blackwood.

"This is not strictly an official visit, Miss Vicary," he said, smiling. "I merely wanted to give you a friendly word of warning. It must be obvious to you that you are probably still in great danger. We have had two deaths. We don't want a third. I understand that you and Miss Graham have both been concealing the fact that Joy Thomas was blackmailing Vincent Palmer?"

I nodded.

"Foolish girls, both of you. However, he has now given us his story. Actually, we were not surprised. We had found that Joy had been spending freely just before her death and she also had a bank account into which she had made substantial deposits. She couldn't possibly have made so much money honestly. Her mother was quite unable to account for it."

I sensed that he was talking smoothly, telling me facts that were not really important, to put me at my ease. I wondered what he wanted.

"That is all you were concealing, Miss Vicary? There is nothing else that you should tell us?"

"Nothing at all." I was thankful to be able to speak truthfully, being uneasily conscious of Inspector Truegood's sceptical hostility.

"Then you may be no longer in danger," said the sergeant casually, and was silent. The silence continued and both men watched me steadily. I shifted uncomfortably in my chair. Obviously, they waited for something, but I racked my brains in vain to decide what they wanted. I considered the implications in the sergeant's last words.

"You mean," I faltered hesitantly, "if Vin was responsible for the attack on me, he knows now that I am no further menace and will leave me alone?"

"Exactly."

"But that would mean that he must be the murderer," I protested.

"And you don't think he is?" I was shaken. What did they expect me to say?

"How should I know?" I retorted, with a spurt of anger. "Surely it is your place to decide that? Do you think so?"

"He is not under arrest yet," he answered non-committally.

"After all," I ventured, not altogether convincingly, "you haven't any real evidence against him, have you? All the things that apply to Vin could apply equally well to others."

"Quite so, Miss Vicary," interposed the inspector smoothly. "What others have you in mind?"

I was stumped. None of my vague suspicions of my associates was sufficient to justify me in directing police attention towards them.

"I don't know," I said feebly. "It is hard to believe that anyone I know could do such appalling things."

"Someone has! You can't dodge facts because they are unpleasant. Let's see what sort of a picture we can form of our man. He seems to be an amazing mixture of crudity and guile. In both cases he has chosen a simple and direct method of killing. The only time he tried to be a little more devious, in your own case, he failed—and even in that case he chose one of the simplest and best-known poisons. But I'm wondering if he is so elemental or if he is very shrewd."

He went on slowly, "Many a murderer has found himself in the dock because he tried to be too clever. The simplest crime is often the hardest to solve. Devlin's murder looks to be a crude, violent killing, done in an impulse of rage, but I doubt it. I think it was as carefully planned as the girl's. He is shrewd enough to leave no traces behind him."

This was disappointing news. "I hoped you might have got a lead in Mr. Devlin's home," I said. "Was there nothing? No fingerprints?"

"Dozens of 'em," he said morosely. "All over the place—but not on the iron, nor on the handle of either of the doors; nor anywhere else that might be helpful. I tell you, our man is as shrewd as they come."

"You keep saying 'man.' Do you mean that?"

"Not necessarily. Could have been a woman."

His cold glare made me uncomfortable. I turned back to Sergeant Blackwood. "I really can't help you in any way. I only wish I could."

I was tired of the whole conversation. It seemed quite pointless. I tucked my handbag under my arm and made a restless movement. The sergeant stood up at once.

"Very well, Miss Vicary. I must just impress on you once more to take every precaution. Whether or not you know anything that is dangerous to the murderer, he evidently thinks you do—and he has already killed twice. I have been wondering whether you should have police protection."

"Oh! Please! No!" I protested hastily. Constable Willis, the only other local policeman,

To page 64



Soft Loveliness

"THREE FLOWERS" BRINGS NEW SMOOTH BEAUTY!

Richard Hudnut perfected the exclusive TOP-TONE Shade Control formula of "Three Flowers" Face Powder to give a new loveliness that will look just as beautiful close up as at a distance. This fine-textured "Three Flowers" gives you a magical clinging veil of beauty that gently conceals tiny skin flaws, glorifies your own complexion tonings. It will not streak, cake or change colour.

Test this new flawless loveliness in your mirror . . . actually see and feel the difference it makes to your complexion—with just one powdering.

NEW BEAUTY—TONIGHT!

Let heavenly "Three Flowers" bring you this new romantic loveliness tonight. Your complexion smoother looking . . . with more natural colour . . . a lovelier, softer glow—even close up! Choose from the seven heavenly shades of "Three Flowers" today.

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all the year round . . .



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The one brand recommended by every leading manufacturer of portable radios because this mighty midget packs far more power and lasts longer, too.

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COLGATE DENTAL CREAM STOPS TOOTH DECAY BEST

Most thoroughly proved and accepted home method of oral hygiene known today.

Yes, and two years' research showed the Colgate way stopped more decay for more people than ever before reported in dentifrice history! No other dentifrice offers such proof—the most conclusive proof ever reported for a dentifrice of any type.

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USE COLGATE DENTAL CREAM  
✓ TO CLEAN YOUR BREATH  
✓ WHILE YOU CLEAN YOUR TEETH  
✓ AND HELP STOP TOOTH DECAY BEST



Buy the Big Family Economy Size

£25.



What do you mean, I forgot our anniversary? Why do you suppose I haven't complained about the coffee?



As easy as winking... with this



# Hotpoint

## "STANDARD" CLOTHES WASHER



**SAVE  
TIME!**

**SAVE  
MONEY!**

**SAVE  
WORK!**

**\$89/11/6**  
ALL EASTERN  
STATES

Whether there are men in your family with heavy, fat-stained work clothes or all girls who wear soft delicate underthings, the Hotpoint "Standard" washer solves your washing problem. The gentle, thorough Hotpoint activator removes all dirt and grime without harming the finest material... conveys the last particle of washing compound and makes clothes last longer. The cushioned wringer rollers are power driven and deliver the clothes damp dry ready for the line. The wringer has settings for woollen, linen and cotton fabrics and the rollers adjust themselves to suit varying thicknesses of material. Capacity 7 lbs. dry weight. Base space required: 27" x 27" overall height 46" 240 v. A.C. Also available with 1 h.p. petrol motor.



**INSTANT WRINGER RELEASE**  
The slightest touch on the Hotpoint "Standard" release bar throws the rollers apart releasing all pressure instantly.



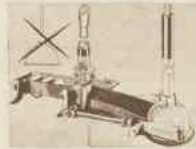
**8 WRINGER POSITIONS**  
A simple hand movement swings the Hotpoint "Standard" wringer between washer and tubs for wringing and blueing and back to clothes basket.



**RUGGED B.T.H. MOTOR**  
The rubber-mounted 1/2 h.p. B.T.H. motor is renowned for reliability. It operates quietly and outlasts other motors of its type.



**GENTLE, THOROUGH ACTIVATOR**  
No harsh beating... never tangles clothes... removes all dirt thoroughly and gently... does not harm the most delicate fabrics.



**PERMANENT OILING**  
Every moving part of the Hotpoint "Standard" washer is lubricated for life at factory... no oiling ever needed.



**QUICK-ACTING PUMP**  
Efficient Hotpoint "Standard" pump disposes of waste water effortlessly. No delay or mess in emptying tub when washing is done.

Ask your local  
Hotpoint Retailer  
to show you these  
lifetime labour  
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BY OUR FOOD AND COOKERY EXPERTS



# Come for Coffee and Dessert

● If you can't have a proper dinner party, compromise and ask your guests to drop in for the last course.

THE "come for coffee and dessert" habit is becoming part and parcel of social life today.

It has been taken up by many married couples whose family responsibilities often prevent them from entertaining in the evening.

It is also popular with business women who have so little time to prepare a full dinner, and lack the space to serve it properly.

One of the vagues of the moment is the progressive dinner party, which usually starts in one home with cocktails, hors d'oeuvres, and soup, moves to a second home for the main course, and finishes at a third for coffee and dessert.

To run a progressive party successfully the three hostesses must

plan the menu so that everything runs smoothly.

The second and third hostesses naturally want to join the first part of the party. Their dishes must be carefully chosen so that they may be prepared ahead and served in a matter of minutes.

All table setting should, of course, be done well in advance.

Below are recipes for three sweets, each planned to serve eight people. We suggest you prepare at least two so that the guests may have a choice. The method of making the coffee we leave to you.

All spoon measurements in the following recipes are level.

## STRAWBERRY SHORTCAKE

Four ounces shortening,  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup sugar,  $\frac{1}{4}$  teaspoon vanilla, 1 egg, 2 cups plain flour, pinch salt, 3 tea-

spoons baking powder, good  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup milk, cream, strawberries.

Cream shortening and sugar with vanilla. Add egg, then sifted flour, baking powder, and salt, alternately with milk. Fill into two 8 in. greased sandwich tins, bake in moderate oven 25 to 30 minutes. Cool on cake cooler. Sandwich and top with whipped, sweetened cream and strawberries. Extra strawberries and cream may be served separately. Strawberries may be dusted lightly with castor sugar.

## PROFITEROLLES WITH CHOCOLATE SAUCE

Two ounces butter or substitute, 4oz. flour, pinch salt,  $\frac{1}{2}$  pint water, 3 large eggs, whipped cream, chocolate sauce.

Place butter or substitute into a

saucepan with water, bring to the boil. Remove from heat. Stir flour in all at once, add salt, beat until smooth. Return to heat and continue beating over heat until mixture leaves the sides of the saucepan and is smooth and satiny. Allow to cool, add beaten eggs a little at a time, beat until quite smooth. Drop a teaspoonful at a time on to greased oven tray. Bake in hot oven 15 minutes or until pastry seems quite dry. Remove from oven and cool. Make a small hole in the base of each. Make a cone of greaseproof paper, fill with whipped cream. Insert tip of cone to force cream into puff. Pile the filled cream puffs into a pyramid on a round dessert platter and pour chocolate sauce over them just before serving.

**Chocolate Sauce:** Four ounces dark chocolate (semi-sweet if possible),  $1\frac{1}{2}$  cups sugar,  $\frac{1}{4}$  teaspoon salt, 1 cup water, 2 teaspoons cornflour blended with  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup water, 3 dessertspoons butter, 1 teaspoon vanilla.

Combine chopped chocolate, sugar, salt, and water. Stir until boiling. Remove from heat, add sufficient blended cornflour to make a thick, smooth consistency. Add butter and vanilla, serve hot.

## DOUGHNUTS WITH ICE-CREAM AND BUTTERSCOTCH SAUCE

Two cups flour, 4 teaspoons baking powder,  $\frac{1}{4}$  teaspoon salt, pinch nutmeg and grated lemon rind, 2oz. good shortening,  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup sugar, 2 eggs, milk.

Sift flour, baking powder, salt and nutmeg. Rub in shortening, add lemon rind and sugar. Mix to a soft dough with beaten eggs and milk. Turn on to floured board. Use a doughnut cutter or two cutters (one smaller than the other) to shape the doughnuts. Deep fry in fuming fat 3 or 4 minutes. Drain on kitchen paper, dust with castor sugar. Serve freshly made and hot, topped with a scoop of ice-cream and coated with butterscotch sauce.

## BUTTERSCOTCH SAUCE

Three-quarter cup brown sugar, 1 tablespoon golden syrup,  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup water, 1 tablespoon butter or substitute, 2 dessertspoons arrowroot blended with 1 tablespoon water, 1 teaspoon vanilla.

Place sugar and syrup in saucepan with water and butter or substitute. When nearly boiling stir in blended arrowroot. Continue stirring until boiling, simmer 2 or 3 minutes. Add vanilla, serve hot or cold.

THIS ATTRACTIVE SETTING was photographed in the home of Mrs. W. J. Warneford, of Wahroonga, N.S.W., who prepared and served strawberry shortcake and doughnuts with ice-cream and butterscotch sauce to round off a successful progressive party.



## How they enjoy TODAY'S BIGGEST BREAKFAST BARGAIN!



Young and old, everyone loves that sweet and lively flavour of Kellogg's Corn Flakes. Here are the biggest, crispiest, most mouth-watering corn flakes that ever came out of an oven! Rustle them onto your plate — often!



Nutrition experts say one plate of Kellogg's Corn Flakes with milk and sugar plus bread and butter (or toast) gives you one third of your daily food needs. Here's a complete, satisfying breakfast!



CF53.4



Maclean Brand Stomach Powder has often relieved stomach pain and discomfort after many other treatments have failed.

The formula of Macleans was discovered after years of research in a famous London hospital. You, too, can benefit from Macleans. It instantly neutralises the excess acid which is a cause of digestive disorder. Start today, and you'll be free from pain, discomfort and worry.

**ONE DOSE** relieves that pain after treatment fails! Start treatment today! Obtainable from all chemists.

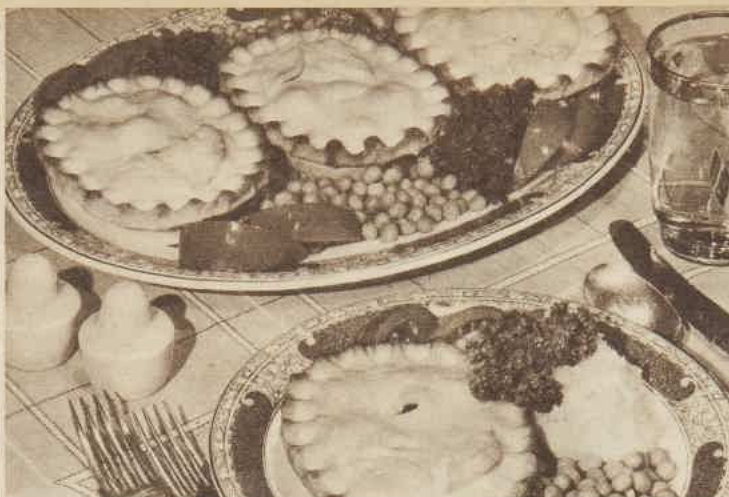


## UNBROKEN

By Alistair Mars, D.S.O., D.S.C. and Bar

This is the story of a British submarine which operated alone in the Western Mediterranean in the early days of 1942. Her Captain is the author, and in simple, telling style he makes an enduring record of her amazing achievements.

15/6 from all Booksellers



LIVER AND BACON PIES, cooked in individual tins, are attractive and appetising. They take longer to prepare than one big pie, but they are worth the trouble. For a change use puff pastry, either bought or home-made. See the prize recipe below.

## Savory pies win £5

Crisp pies with tasty liver and bacon filling win the main prize in our popular recipe contest this week.

**EASY - TO - MAKE** savory dishes, a short-cake, and novelty cheese straws prepared from readily available ingredients also win awards.

All spoon measurements in the following recipes are level.

### LIVER AND BACON PIES

Twelve ounces shortcrust pastry, 1 lamb's fry, 2 tablespoons chopped bacon, 2 tablespoons chopped onion, 1 tablespoon chopped parsley, salt, pepper, fat, 1 tablespoon flour, 1 cup stock or water.

Soak liver 1 hour, drain, pat dry. Cut into tin cubes, coat with seasoned flour. Cook onion until tender in small quantity fat, add liver and bacon. Turn frequently while browning. Remove excess fat, add stock or water, stir until boiling. Correct seasoning, add parsley, cook gently until tender. Roll pastry thinly, line 6 small pie-tins. Fill with meat mixture, glaze edges. Cover with pastry tops, pinch edges together, glaze. Bake in hot oven 10 minutes, reduce heat, cook further 10 minutes.

First Prize of £5 to Mrs. M. Leyden, 97 Conway St., Lismore, N.S.W.

### PINEAPPLE MARSHMALLOW SHORTCAKE

Two cups flour, pinch salt, 3 teaspoons baking powder,

2oz. butter or substitute, 2 tablespoons sugar, 1 cup milk, 2 eggs, 1lb. marshmallows, 1 cup crushed pineapple (tinned or home-cooked), 1 jar cream, lemon juice to flavor.

Sift flour, salt, and baking powder, rub in shortening, add sugar. Mix to a stiff dough with beaten egg and milk. Turn on to floured board, halve, press into greased 9in. sandwich-tins. Glaze with milk, bake in hot oven 25 to 30 minutes. Cool on cake-cooler. Drain pineapple, add to chopped marshmallows. Cook over boiling water until marshmallows melt. Add squeeze lemon juice, chill until beginning to thicken. Beat 5 to 10 minutes until white and thick. Fold in whipped cream. Spread between layers and on top of shortcake, chill.

Consolation Prize of £1 to Mrs. E. Fogarty, 133 Currajong St., Parkes, N.S.W.

### CAULIFLOWER, MACARONI, AND CHEESE

One cauliflower, 1lb. macaroni, 1 1/2 cups white sauce, 2oz. 3oz. grated cheese, 1 tablespoon breadcrumbs, shortening, salt, pepper.

Break cauliflower into flowerets, soak 1 hour. Cook macaroni in boiling salted water 10 minutes. Add cauliflower, continue cooking until tender. Drain carefully. Prepare white sauce, season to taste, flavor with grated cheese, reserving 1 tablespoon-

ful. Pour sauce over cauliflower and macaroni in oven-proof serving-dish. Sprinkle with cheese and breadcrumbs, dot with shortening. Brown under grill or in oven.

Consolation Prize of £1 to E. Mason, 43 Arthur St., Valley, Brisbane.

### NOVELTY CHEESE STRAWS

Four ounces cheese straw mixture or cheese pastry.

Various Fillings: Anchovy paste, chopped walnuts and olives, sardines and grated apple, curry powder, chopped gherkins, grated cheese.

Divide pastry into 6 portions. Roll each thinly to narrow oblong shape (about 1 to 1 1/4 in. wide) and spread with one of the above fillings. Glaze edges, roll up, making long, very thin rolls. Cut into 3in. lengths. Bake in moderate oven 10 to 12 minutes.

Consolation Prize of £1 to Mrs. V. L. Shepherd, Steere St., Donnybrook, W.A.

### Baby's Layette

SISTER MARY JACOB, our Mothercraft Nurse, has designed patterns for a pretty and practical layette.

The set of patterns with instructions for making includes two dresses, carrying coat, matinee jacket, petticoat, two nightgowns, cotton shirt, romper suit, two pairs of pilchors, and a bonnet.

The set may be had from The Australian Women's Weekly Mothercraft Service Bureau, Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney. Price 3/6, post free.

## Hints for the handyman



TO KEEP a paintbrush soft overnight, stand it in a tin of water. Rest the tin at an angle on the lid, as shown. Then the bristles will not be forced out of shape.



FOR ACCURACY when drilling a series of holes of equal depth, measure the required depth on the bit, mark spot with a piece of adhesive tape, then drill down to tape.



## Magic with Mustard!

### SPARK UP YOUR SANDWICHES

For satisfying sandwiches, try minced cold meat, celery, and olives, with Mustard; also mashed hard-boiled eggs, mixed with Mustard, vinegar and a dash of paprika to taste.

### 'SAUCY' DOES IT

When making creamy sauces or hot brown gravy add Mustard, just a pinch! Mustard for piquancy!



## KEEN'S MUSTARD .. of course

### BABY TAKES A BOW



At 4 years of age tiny Norma Roach, of Melbourne, already knows her ballet steps — rehearses every chance she gets.

"Norma is so keen on her dancing that we have to see to it that she makes up that lost energy daily," says Mrs. Roach. "So I make sure she has plenty of Vegemite every meal-time." She's another little "Vegemite" fan. For healthy nerves, firm body tissues, good digestion and clear skin, you must have a fresh supply of vitamin B1, B2 and Niacin every day. Vegemite provides a rich supply of these vitamins because it is a pure yeast extract. So put Vegemite on the table at every family meal-time — Vegemite, made by Kraft K444

### BABY LOVES

the delightful, creamy lather of Cuticura Soap. The gentle cleansing and pure, soothing touch of this mildly medicated Soap is ideal for your baby's precious skin. Use excellent Cuticura Ointment after the bath and at every change to soothe baby's soreness and deal sweetly with nappies rash. Buy your Cuticura today.







Happy solution for **FATHER'S DAY**  
(and every other day)

# BOND'S

guarantee that their

## ALL NYLON "PEDS"

- 1 **Will not shrink**
- 2 **Eliminates darning**
- 3 **Dry overnight**

Especially if Dad's a commercial traveller or goes away on business trips, give him Bond's "Peds". A quick rinse in the hotel wash basin at night and they'll be ready for him to wear hours before he gets up next morning. And you, dear mother or daughter giving him the gift? Bond's "Peds" eliminate tiresome darning.



"Peds" are in beautiful plain colors—or plain colors with lace "cuff"



**All Bond's Socks are  
Nylon Reinforced at Toes  
and Heels for Double Wear**

You'll find every type of sock in the range, shorts, longs, brights, quiet— and you'll find them wherever you shop.

P.S.—Keep an eagle eye open for Bond's new **STRETCH** sock—a revolutionary American idea.



Take Chesty Bond's tip and slip some Bond's athletics and briefs into his family **FATHER'S DAY** parcel, too



... and you have one very snug, satisfied **FATHER**



Life is  
just one  
change after another . . .

Always a happy change for baby are Actil Terry Nursery Squares—they are:  
Extra soft for delicate skins.  
Super absorbent.  
Hygienically packed in 'Cellophane'.  
Recommended and used by Maternity Hospitals.



**TERRY  
NURSERY  
SQUARES**

Also makers of  
SHEETS - PILLOW CASES  
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BUY QUALITY BY ACTIL

AUSTRALIAN COTTON TEXTILE INDUSTRIES LIMITED

**NOW! WORLD FAMOUS  
FORHAN'S**  
announces sensational new

**FORHAN'S  
CHLOROPHYLL  
TOOTHPASTE**



A completely new scientific formula with a super-cleansing action! Contains a special detergent which imparts shining whiteness to even the dullest, badly stained teeth—quickly removes unightly nicotine stains.

- \* Combats decay—helps keep gum tissues healthy.
- \* Destroys mouth odours.
- \* Keeps breath fresh.

The perfect toothpaste for all the family! Pleasant foamy action, refreshing minty flavour. Children love it! Ask at your chemist or store to-day.

LARGE TUBE 2/9



Forhan's (Regular) Toothpaste is also still available everywhere—1/8—and large tube 2/7.

Asian Agents: Sheldon Drug Co. Pty. Ltd., Sydney.

## THE WOMAN AND THE WHEEL

By T. B. Morris

A famous artist and his lovely, amoral model disappeared from a remote water mill, where they were spending a holiday in company with the poet, Raphael Brett. Twenty years later Brett died, and his son uncovered the strange events that began with that holiday and ended in surprising drama.

13/- from all Booksellers

Continuing . . .

was an estimable young man no doubt, but I didn't fancy him as a watchdog. I like dumb animals—but not when they are supposed to be human! I had a series of appalling mental pictures as I imagined my private life lived in the shadow of the burly constable. At my expression the sergeant gave an understanding chuckle.

"Relax," he said. "I don't think we need inflict that on you. But do be careful, won't you?" he added more soberly.

I promised and left the station, feeling that the whole interview had been unsatisfactory and inconclusive. Sergeant Blackwood saw me to the door, but Inspector Truegood didn't bother to get off his chair. I felt his hard eyes boring into my back as I walked out.

The next day, my feeling of dissatisfaction persisted. I was restless and uneasy. Even the fact that it was Friday failed to bring its usual sense of relief. The results of the weekly tests bore evidence of the way the children had been upset during the week, and the afternoon classes were abnormally difficult to control.

When at last they were dismissed, the children hurried away, as though glad to escape from the week's tensions.

I settled down, determined to bring my work up to date and, at the same time, work off the uneasiness that plagued me.

Having completed the routine clerical work that had always to be done at the end of the week, I turned my attention to preparation for the coming weeks. Mrs. Thomas came and went; Ann put her head in the door to say good-bye; and still I worked on, unconscious of the time.

At length, the fading light forced me to pause. I put down my pen and stretched my cramped fingers. I felt very virtuous and suddenly very lonely. The school was utterly silent. Everyone else had gone long since. I glanced round the shadowy classroom and hastily pushed my books into the drawer, impelled by a sudden panic desire to be gone, too.

Hurrying to the staff room, I pulled my coat from its peg and, to put on my hat, crossed to the small mirror we had hung on the far wall. I had switched on the light, but the weak globe did little to dispel the gloom, and my face in the mirror looked wan and ghostly as I walked towards it. I pulled a face at myself and stepped a little nearer. As I did so, something grated under my feet, and, glancing down, I saw grains of sugar scattered on the floor.

I swore softly. The mirror hung above the small cupboard on the top shelf of which we kept our provisions for morning tea. Muttering crossly about careless brats, I pulled open the cupboard door. The child who had prepared the tea must have spilled the sugar and been too lazy to bother clearing it up. I resolved to have stern words with her on Monday, and bent down to investigate. A new bag had been hastily thrust into the cupboard and, from a tear in it, sugar was scattered all over the shelf.

The whole cupboard could do with a thorough cleaning, I thought, surveying it grimly. The lower shelves were filled with a conglomeration of accumulated junk, while the top shelf, which held our cups, tea, sugar, and biscuit-tin, was woefully untidy. I had no time to spend cleaning it all, but I decided disgustedly I must at least clear up that sugar and while I was about it I might as well straighten the top shelf.

With mingled feelings of irritation and self-righteousness, I pulled the things out on to the

## Murder Among Those Present

from page 59

table and gathered up the paper that lined the shelf. As I bent down to spread clean paper, my eye was caught by a gleam of white at the back of the shelf, and, reaching back, I pulled out a folded envelope that had been wedged into the crack between the shelf and the back of the cupboard.

I looked at it curiously. It was one of the usual envelopes issued to schools for official correspondence. Quite an ordinary object to find in any school, but I felt, with a tingling of the spine, that this was something far from ordinary, for it was not empty. Tearing it open, I pulled out a folded paper, and, unfolding it, gazed in horror at the white powder that lay revealed. Innocent as aspirin it looked, but I knew instinctively that I held in my hand another clue to Sutton's murderer.

I stared at the powder, a host of unanswerable questions thronging my mind. Then, in swift decision, I refolded it, pushed it once more into its hiding-place, and, heedless of the litter I was leaving behind me, ran from the room and locked the door. This was a school matter, and Mr. Marsh was the obvious person to deal with it. I raced to the school-house as if pursued.

The headmaster listened to my story gravely as we walked more soberly back to the school. There was much that was new to him in my incoherent sentences, but he accepted it without surprise.

His calm competence was reassuring and comforting. If my suspicions were correct and I had indeed found the missing arsenic, the fact that it had been found in the school had unpleasant implications, but he gave no indication of distress. He studied the small package gravely.

"What makes you think this is arsenic, Noel?"

"I'm just sure it is."

"We will have to make certain. We don't want to start an unnecessary panic. I think we had better get Tony here to see what he thinks before we notify the police."

Nothing could have pleased me more. Mr. Marsh locked the envelope and its contents in the school safe and we went back to the house to telephone Tony. While we waited for him, I realised that it was nearly tea-time and that I would once again be in disfavor with Ailsa, but I was unmoved.

When Tony presently arrived and the two men retraced their steps to the school, which now lay in darkness, I followed close at their heels. This was my own discovery and I was determined to see what it produced.

Tony examined my find gloomily, put a minute quantity on his hand, and touched it with his tongue. He immediately spat, with a very grimace. We watched him anxiously.

"I'm afraid so, Mr. Marsh," he said. "I can't be certain, of course, without testing it, but I think you had better phone the station. Noel, you had better get home to tea. Mr. Marsh and I will handle this for the time being. If Sergeant Blackwood wants you, he knows where to find you."

"But, Tony—"

"Do as I say." His tone brooked no disobedience, and I went with a bad grace. Ailsa's reception of my tardy arrival and of my excuse of working late did little to restore my good temper, and I spent the evening in fuming impatience, awaiting a summons from the sergeant or a visit from Tony to tell me the latest developments.

Neither arrived, and by the time I finally abandoned my

vigil it was too late for me to go to Ann and tell her what had happened, as I had planned to do. Feeling frustrated and unreasonably angry, I flung off my clothes and went disgruntled to bed. Worry and anxiety were swamped by my irritation.

By morning, however, my anger had faded and I found myself a prey to a gnawing sense of anxiety. The attentions of the police were inevitably being drawn more closely to the school staff and their associates. I resolved to seek Ann immediately after breakfast in the hope of reaching her before the police did so. Sylvia, I decided, could look after herself.

Before I could put my resolution into practice, however, a small boy appeared, bearing a note from Mr. Marsh.

"Dear Noel,

"Sergeant Blackwood wants us all to be at the school at 9 o'clock this morning. I'm afraid it is a command performance, but I persuaded him to let me send for you all rather than have Constable Willis act as messenger. We want to avoid as much talk as possible for the sake of the school."

"A. Marsh."

The cautionary tone of the last sentence was unmistakable. Mr. Marsh was evidently as uneasy as I. I wondered whether it was by accident or design that the message had reached me at an hour that gave me barely time to get ready and hasten straight to the school, arriving there just at the appointed time.

Although I had hurried, the others were there before me, grouped in Mr. Marsh's room. Their heads swung towards me like puppets as I opened the door, and I swiftly studied their faces. Ann was pale but composed; Sylvia white and sullen; both obviously puzzled; Mr. Marsh calm and impassive as always. Ann smiled faintly, but Sylvia favored me with a scowl.

I turned to the two police officers. The sergeant greeted me pleasantly enough, but Inspector Truegood gave me his usual baleful glare. Feeling unreasonably disappointed at not finding Tony there, I returned the glare with defiant interest as I moved across the room to Ann's side.

Like a chairman calling a meeting to order, the sergeant

To page 65

**"FULL OF PEP" NOW HE'S  
REGULAR—without  
purgatives!**



"I was dosing myself into a state of ill-health" writes Mr. J. Callaghan, Keel Street, Crow's Nest, N.S.W. "I thought I needed purgatives to keep me going—until I tried your All-Bran. Now I'm really back to natural regularity—and full of pep again. No more of those harsh purgatives for me."



**ACCEPT THIS OFFER!**

Enjoy tasty, toasty Kellogg's All-Bran for ten days, and drink plenty of water. If, at the end of ten days you are not completely satisfied, then just send the empty packet back to Kellogg's and you'll get double your money back.

Your daily health and regularity depend on what you eat. Kellogg's All-Bran is a food—not a purgative. It contains the bulk your system needs to end constipation. The vital bulk in this rich, nut-sweet health-food helps prepare internal wastes for easy, gentle elimination . . . no purgatives or harsh medicines needed this natural way. Ask your grocer for a packet of Kellogg's All-Bran right away. Within ten days you'll benefit. After that keep on enjoying this crisp nut-sweet breakfast

cereal. Never lose the wonderful feeling of health and natural regularity it brings.

**YOU BENEFIT  
3 WAYS**

Kellogg's All-Bran is a natural laxative, health-food and blood tonic all in one. Rich in Vitamin B1, B2, Calcium, Phosphorus, Niacin and Iron. Kellogg's All-Bran builds up your health. It gives you vitality as it brings regularity instead of purging, the strength and energy out of you! Enjoy it regularly.



**COULD THERE BE A  
MORE NATURAL WAY?**

**Kellogg's  
ALL-BRAN\***

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## Continuing . . . Murder Among Those Present

took charge. "Now, Miss Vicary. Just tell us what happened yesterday afternoon."

Briefly I gave my story, glancing from time to time at the other two girls. It was obviously all new to them. Ann, at my side, was tense; Sylvia watchfully malevolent, her shadowed eyes fixed steadily on my face. The atmosphere was charged with a conflict of emotions oddly out of place in a mundane schoolroom—fear, suspicion, and hostility. I felt them all as strongly as an electric current.

When I had finished, there was a pregnant silence. The inspector brought the legs of his chair to the floor with a sharp crack. "What made you think the powder was arsenic, Miss Vicary? Did you recognise it as such?"

"No, I don't think I've ever actually seen it before. I just jumped to conclusions."

"You would!" muttered Sylvia.

The inspector's cold glance flickered to her for a moment and then back to me.

"Your conclusion was the correct one. Dr. Gray has made the necessary test for us. It is reasonable to assume that it is the arsenic which was stolen from Mr. Devlin's cupboard. I wonder how it got from his cupboard to yours?"

He looked at each of us in turn. We fidgeted uneasily, like children in trouble, but none of us spoke. He sighed faintly. "No ideas at all? I suppose none of you will admit putting it there?"

Silence!

"Hm. I'm afraid that was too much to expect. Well, we'll just have to dig." The taut menace in his tone strengthened. He turned to Mr. Marsh.

"Who had access to the cupboard?"

"Any of us. It was never locked, and the staff room was always open during the day. There was no reason for the doors to be locked. There was nothing of value in the cupboard and the staff took

care of their own personal belongings."

"Then the children could go in and out of there at will?"

"Not necessarily. None of them would go in there unless sent. Of course, the child who was responsible for the tea each week would go in there at morning recess."

"Yes. We'll have to ask a few questions of the young lady who did it yesterday, though I don't suppose she'll have much to tell us."

"She can at least tell us whether she spilt the sugar—and why she didn't clean up after her," I interrupted.

"Ah, yes! The sugar, Miss Vicary. That was what made you decide to do a little spring-cleaning at such an odd time?" His tone held scepticism.

I heard Sylvia muttering about "officious busybodies." The inspector turned his frosty eyes in her direction and she lapsed abruptly into silence. I was annoyed to find myself on the defensive. "I can't stand sugar on the floor," I muttered feebly.

A glimmer of a smile showed for an instant in the hard grey eyes. "Quite the little housewife! Well, if, as you seem to think, a child spilt the sugar at morning recess-time, isn't it odd that no one should have bothered about it until late afternoon?"

"I wasn't in there during the day. I didn't wear my coat at lunchtime, and had no occasion to go into the staff room at all."

"And you, Miss Graham?"

"Much the same. After school I just took my coat from behind the door. I didn't go over near the cupboard."

"Miss Kennedy?"

"I didn't go over there either. We aren't all as anxious to study ourselves in the mirror as Noel is."

"I can quite understand that," agreed the inspector pleasantly.

Sylvia reddened uncomfortably, and I found myself unexpectedly warming to him. Maybe I had misjudged him.

[from page 64]

He turned to Mr. Marsh. "Isn't there a charwoman?"

"Yes. Mrs. Thomas cleans the classrooms and lobbies each day, but she only does the staff room once a week."

"Mrs. Thomas? The mother of the girl who was drowned?"

"Yes."

Silence again while he pondered the connection. Then, briskly, he changed the subject. "How long is it since the cupboard was last cleaned out?"

"No one had any idea. It just wasn't the sort of cupboard anyone bothered about. We seemed to be making scant progress. The inspector's manner hardened.

"Someone put that powder there—obviously in the hope of hiding it indefinitely. It may have been there for some time. The choice of hiding place and the use of envelope point to one of you four. Of course, such obvious pointers may have been deliberately arranged for just that purpose. Miss Graham?" It was a sudden bark and she jumped.

"Yes, Inspector?"

"We know that you have already been at some pains to cover Vincent Palmer. Is this more of your work?"

**I**F the inspector had hoped to shock Ann into admission, he was a poor judge of character. After her first involuntary start, she was quietly controlled.

"No, Inspector. It seems to me a stupid way to get rid of the arsenic. Surely it would have been simpler to just tip it down a sink or something and burn the paper?" Her face was bland.

"Unless the murderer thought he might have a further use for it. Miss Kennedy! Local gossip has it that you had no love for Joy Thomas and you don't seem to be over-fond of Miss Vicary. Have you any suggestions?"

Sylvia's spite could stand no more. "Why should I be fond of Noel?" she asked furiously.

"Interfering little busybody. How do we know she really found the stuff in the cupboard? The whole story sounds fishy to me. I wouldn't be surprised if she put it there herself!"

"I suppose I might have poisoned myself, too?" I countered.

"You might, at that! It's been done before. At any rate, you only had enough to make you sick. You didn't die!" Her expression said that that was an awful pity.

I took a step towards her, but Ann laid a restraining hand on my arm.

"Ladies, please!" said the inspector, and I had an uncomfortable feeling that he was suppressing a chuckle. "Just what are you hinting at, Miss Kennedy? Do you mean that Miss Vicary may have pretended to be poisoned in order to divert suspicion from herself? That is a little far-fetched, surely? She had no reason to wish Joy Thomas any harm."

"How do we know? Her precious Tony is flesh and blood, the same as any other man!"

This was too much, but before my passionate anger could find words Sergeant Blackwood forestalled me. I had never before heard his voice so icy.

"You forget yourself, Sylvia. Stop this hysterical nonsense at once!"

Sylvia came to her senses. In all the years she had known the sergeant, he had never spoken to her in that tone of voice.

"I'm sorry," she mumbled. "I suppose I went too far. But, anyway," she added defiantly, "she could have done it. Some people would do anything for a bit of notoriety."

My first anger was fading, and I looked at her curiously. Did she really dislike me so intensely, or was she clutching at any excuse to distract attention from herself and Ron? Mr. Marsh hastily introduced a new train of thought.

"Why must it necessarily have been one of the staff, In-



Chest . . . thirty-nine. Pot . . . forty-six.

spector? We don't know how long the arsenic had been in that cupboard. Isn't it possible that it has lain there since the card evening? After using it, the murderer may have been in a hurry to get rid of it, and the staff room was open that evening. Probably, he just pushed it in there, and since then has had no opportunity of retrieving it."

This seemed an eminently sensible suggestion, and we grasped at it eagerly.

"What about the envelope?" asked the inspector. "Could an outsider have got hold of one of those?"

"It's possible. Anyone familiar with the school could have done so."

"What about fingerprints?" I said excitedly. "Don't they show on paper? Couldn't you get something that way?"

Sergeant Blackwood smiled. "You seem to put a lot of faith in fingerprints, Miss Vicary. You've mentioned them before. Don't you realise that your own will be all over it—and Mr. Marsh's—and Dr. Gray's? You all handled it pretty freely last night."

I felt deflated. Sylvia looked at me with sour triumph and Ann pressed my arm consolingly.

The inspector took charge again. "We'll have to see what

we can do. We will keep that door locked for the time being, Mr. Marsh. If none of you has anything further to add, we will leave it at that for the present. I may wish to question some of you further. In the meantime, the class may dismiss," he finished with a grisly attempt at humor.

We filed out.

"That was very unsatisfactory, wasn't it, Noel?" Ann commented, as we walked away together. "I wonder what the inspector hoped to gain by questioning us all together like that. Surely he didn't expect any of us to say we put the beastly stuff there? I think he must be rather stupid!"

"I wouldn't under-rate him, Ann," I said thoughtfully. "I don't quite know what he gained from the interview, but I don't think he's any fool. He probably knows a lot more than he tells us."

"Well, I wish he'd hurry up and settle things one way or another. I don't think I can stand much more."

I looked at her with compassion and fervently echoed her wish. Whatever was to be the outcome, the sooner the uncertainty and suspense ended, the better for all of us.

To be continued

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WE HAVE NO DEFENCE AGAINST THIS UNKNOWN ATTACK! WE ARE HELPLESS!

IT WAS A MISTAKE TO BRING THESE EARTH CREATURES HERE! GET RID OF THEM, BEFORE WE ARE ALL DESTROYED!



MEANWHILE, BACK ON EARTH—POOR NARDA—

I'M TRYING TO GET A NEW TRIAL, NARDA—BUT IT DOESN'T LOOK GOOD.

I DIDN'T KILL MANDRAKE AND LOTHAR—THEY DID—APPEARED INTO THE AIR! I'VE ONLY A WEEK TO LIVE! DO SOMETHING—



THE EARTH PRISONERS LEAVE THE ZOO, RE-ENTERING THE EGG-SHAPED CRAFT...

UNDERSTAND IT, LOTHAR? COLD GERMS ARE NEW HERE, AND DEADLY AS PLAGUE.

ALL I UNDERSTAND IS—US GOING HOME!



WHAT A RELIEF TO GET RID OF THEM! ANOTHER DAY—AND THEY'D HAVE DESTROYED ALL OF US!

THE GREAT SPACE SHIP ZOOMS OFF INTO THE SKY OF VENUS...

GOING HOME! I FEEL BETTER ALREADY!

WHAT? DON'T LOSE THAT COLD OF YOURS UNTIL WE GET THERE! YOU'RE OUR ONLY WEAPON.



AND ON EARTH—NARDA FACES THE LAST MILE...

BUT THERE MUST BE A MESSAGE FROM THE GOVERNOR—A REPRISAL! I'M INNOCENT—I DIDN'T KILL MANDRAKE—

SORRY—NO MESSAGE HAS COME. THIS IS THE DAY—



YOU'RE THE RADIO MAN ON THIS SHIP. I WANT TO SEND A MESSAGE TO EARTH.

NO—THAT'S FORBIDDEN—!



ALL RIGHT—ALL RIGHT—DO ANYTHING YOU WANT—ONLY KEEP HIM AWAY FROM ME!



KER-CHOO

TO BE CONTINUED





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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY—September 2, 1953



## Fashion FROCKS

Ready to wear or cut out ready to make

"NANCY."—A pretty smock styled with short sleeves and fullness falling from a shoulder-yoke. The material is pin-spotted summer breeze cotton. The color choice includes sage-blue, red, and green, all printed on a white ground.

Ready to Wear: Sizes 32in. and 34in. bust, 29/11; 36in. and 38in. bust, 41/6.

Cut Out Only: Sizes 32in. and 34in. bust, 29/3; 36in. and 38in. bust, 30/9. Postage and registration, 1/9 extra.

"NELL."—A full-skirted one-piece designed for summer. The material is a Dutch check seersucker. In pale tonings and pink, blue, and green and rose, pale blue, green, and white checks.

Ready to Wear: Sizes 32in. and 34in. bust, 63/6; 36in. and 38in. bust, 66/6.

Cut Out Only: Sizes 32in. and 34in. bust, 47/3; 36in. and 38in. bust, 49/11. Postage and registration, 2/9 extra.



NOTE: Please make a second color choice. No C.O.D. orders accepted. If ordering by mail, send to address given on page 43. Frocks may be inspected or obtained immediately at Fashion Patterns, 645 Harris St., Ultimo, Sydney.



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